

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 348.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1834.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.
(J. HOLMES, TUCKER'S COURT.)

REVIEWS

Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore.
By Lieut. A. Burnes, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Murray.

SINCE the days when we hung with rapture over the pages of Cook's Voyages, and felt ourselves inspired by some portion of the enthusiasm that animated the adventurous navigator, we have met with no work by which we have been more interested, delighted, and instructed, than the Travels of Lieut. Burnes. He leads us over the fields where Alexander best earned the title of Great, by planning a continuous commercial communication between Europe and India, through those mountain-ranges which we can scarcely blame the Asiatics for regarding as the framework of the universe, across those deserts whence have issued the conquerors of Europe and Asia, the Scythians and Huns of remote ages, the Tartars and Turks of more modern times; finally, he conducts us into the romantic regions of Transoxiana or Mawer-al-nahar, whose ancient prosperity has been the theme of so many fables, whose modern commerce has been the subject of such anxious inquiry. This route, so replete with objects of interest to the historian, the geographer, and the merchant, has been travelled by one who happily combines in himself more than most men, the qualifications necessary for acquiring the information which these very different classes demand. Possessing a great store of learning, quick powers of observation, and strong common sense, Lieut. Burnes seems to have been predestined to the task of exploring Central Asia. He entered upon it as upon his own peculiar province, with that regulated enthusiasm which the mind experiences when it has discovered the track which nature designed it to pursue. We need not add a word of commendation on the skill and ability with which the traveller has described the countries he visited; the extracts which we are about to make, speak more powerfully for themselves than any praise we could bestow.

Leaving for future consideration the author's visits to the Punjab and court of Runjeet Sing, we shall begin with his entrance into the country of the Afghans, and his reception at Peshawur:—

"As we traversed the plain to Peshawur, I felt elevated and happy. Thyme and violets perfumed the air, and the green sod and clover put us in mind of a distant country. The violet has the name of '*gool i pueghunbur*,' or the rose of the Prophet, par excellence, I suppose, from its fragrance. At Peerpace, which is a march from Peshawur, we were joined by six horsemen, whom the chief sent to escort us. We saddled at sunrise, though it rained heavily, and accompanied the party to the city, sorely trying the patience of the horsemen, by declining to halt half way, that they might give timely information of our approach. We pushed on

till near the city; when their persuasion could be no longer resisted. 'The chief sent us only to welcome you, and has ordered his son to meet you outside the city,' said their commander, 'and we are now within a few hundred yards of his house.' We halted, and in a few minutes the son of the chief made his appearance, attended by an elephant and a body of horse. He was his eldest son, a handsome boy, about twelve years old, and dressed in a blue tunic, with a Cashmeer shawl as a turban. We dismounted on the high road, and embraced; when the youth immediately conducted us to the presence of his father. Never were people received with more kindness: he met us in person at the door-way, and led us inside of an apartment, studded with mirror glass and daubed over with paint in exceedingly bad taste. His house, his country, his property, his all, were ours; he was the ally of the British government, and he had shown it by his kindness to Mr. Moorcroft, which he considered as a treaty of friendship. We were not the persons who wished to infringe its articles. Sooltan Mahomed Khan is of about thirty-five years old, of rather tall stature, and dark complexion. He was dressed in a pelisse, lined with fur, and ornamented over the shoulders with the down of the peacock, which had a richer look than the furniture that surrounded him. We were glad to withdraw and change our wet clothes, and were conducted to the seraglio of Sooltan Mahomed Khan, which he had prepared, *I need not add, emptied*, for our reception. This was, indeed, a kind of welcome we had not anticipated."

The character of Sultan Mohammed Khan, of Peshawur, is perhaps best displayed in the account of the banquet which he gave to his British visitors:—

"Shortly after our arrival in Peshawur, Sooltan Mahomed Khan illuminated his palace, and invited us to an entertainment, given, as he assured us, on our account. His mansion was only separated from ours by a single wall, and he came in person to conduct us in the afternoon. The ladies had been spending the day in these apartments, but the 'krook' was given before we entered, and a solitary eunuch, who looked more like an old woman, only now remained. In the evening the party assembled, which did not exceed fifteen persons, the most distinguished in Peshawur: we sat in the hall, which was brilliantly lighted: behind it there was a large fountain in the interior of the house, shaded by a cupola about fifty feet high, and on the sides of it were different rooms, that overlooked the water. The reflection from the dome, which was painted, had a pleasing effect. About eight o'clock we sat down to dinner, which commenced with sweetmeats and confections, that had been prepared in the harem. They were far superior to anything seen in India; the dinner succeeded, and the time passed very agreeably. The chief and his courtiers talked of their wars and revolutions, and I answered their numerous queries regarding our own country. The assembly were ever ready to draw comparisons between anything stated, and the records of Asiatic history, referring familiarly to Timour, Baber, and Aurungzebe, and exhibiting at the same time much general knowledge. I gave them accounts of steam-

* A Tartar custom and word in clearing the outer apartments of the seraglio.

engines, galvanic batteries, balloons, and electrifying machines, which appeared to give universal satisfaction. If they disbelieved, they did not express their scepticism. Many of the courtiers of course flattered the chief as they commented on his remarks, but their style of address was by no means cringing, and the mild affability of Sooltan Mahomed Khan himself quite delighted me. He spoke without reserve of Runjeet Sing, and sighed for some change that might release him from the disgrace of having his son a hostage at Lahore. The subject of the Russians was introduced, and a Persian in the party declared that his country was quite independent of Russia. The chief, with much good humour, remarked, that their independence was something like his own with the Seiks, unable to resist, and glad to compromise."

Quail-fighting is as favourite a sport with the Afghans as it was with the Greeks.

"We arrived at the season of the quails, when every one who could escape from his other vocations, was engaged in hawking, netting, or fighting these courageous little birds. Every Tuesday morning the chief had a meeting in his court yard, to encourage the sport. He used to send for us to witness it; it is by no means destitute of amusement, whether we regard the men or the birds; for chief, servant, and subject were here on an equality, the quails being the heroes, not the men. They are carried about in bags, and enticed to fight with each other for grain, which is sprinkled between them. When the quail once runs he is worthless, and immediately slain, but they seldom make a precipitate retreat. Nothing can exceed the passion of the Afghans for this kind of sport; almost every boy in the street may be seen with a quail in his hand, and crowds assemble in all parts of the city to witness their gaine battles."

From Peshawur, Lieut. Burnes and his companion proceeded towards Cabul, through a mountainous country, whose inhabitants, like the Scottish highlanders of yore, are remarkable for anything rather than honesty, and who claim the privilege of levying black mail. The caravan did not pass through the country of the Khyberes, a people who cannot safely be trusted, but went into the district of the Momunds, who are content with levying a tax on travellers. The account of the passage of the Cabul river, is a specimen of the perils to be encountered in Afghanistan:—

"After a fatiguing march over mountain passes, we found ourselves on the Cabool river, which was to be crossed a second time. We had now a full insight into our mode of travelling, and the treatment which we were to expect. We never moved but in a body; and when we got to the banks of the river under a scorching sun, had no means of crossing it till our friends the Momunds could be again appeased. We laid ourselves down in the shade of some rocks, which had fallen from precipices that rose in grandeur over us to the height of about 2000 feet, and before us the Cabool river rushed with great rapidity in its course onwards. Its breadth did not exceed 120 yards. Towards afternoon, our highlanders produced eight or ten skins, and we commenced crossing; but it was night before we had all passed, and we then set fire to the grass of the mountains to illumi-

nate our neighbourhood and ensure safety to the frail raft. The passage of the river was tedious and difficult: in some places the rapidity of the stream, formed into eddies, wheeled us round, and we had the agreeable satisfaction of being told that, if we went some way down, there was a whirlpool, and, if once enclosed in its circle, we might revolve in hunger and giddiness for a day. This inconvenience we all escaped, though some of the passengers were carried far down the river, and we ourselves had various revolutions in the smaller eddies. There was no village or people on either side of the river, and we spread our carpets on the ground, and heartily enjoyed a cool night after the day's fatigue. The noise of the stream soon lulled most of us to sleep, and towards midnight nothing was to be heard but the voices of the mountaineers, who had perched themselves on a rock that projected over our camp, and watched till daylight. A truly cut-throat band they appeared, and it was amusing to observe the studied respect which all of us paid them. Their chief, a ragged ruffian without a turban, was mounted on a horse: his praises were sung, and presents were given him; but we had no sooner left the country, than every one abused those whom we had been caressing. The spirit of the party might be discovered by one old man, who drove his horse into a wheat-field, on the verge of the Momund country, calling out, 'Eat away, my good animal; the Momund scoundrels have ate much of my wealth in their time.'

One of the first persons whom our traveller met at Cabul, was Mr. Wolff, whose singular adventures, combined with his ardent zeal, have excited great interest:—

"We had not been many hours in Cabool before we heard of the misfortunes of Mr. Wolff, the missionary of the Jews, who was now detained at a neighbouring village, and lost no time in despatching assistance to him. He joined us the following day, and gave a long and singular account of his escape from death and slavery. This gentleman, it appears, had issued forth, like another Benjamin of Tudela, to enquire after the Israelites, and entered Tartary as a Jew, which is the best travelling character in a Mahomedan country. Mr. Wolff, however, is a convert to Christianity, and he published his creed to the wreck of the Hebrew people. He also gave himself out as being in search of the lost tribes; yet he made but few enquiries among the Afghans of Cabool, though they declare themselves to be their descendants. The narration of Mr. Wolff's adventures excited our sympathy and compassion; and, if we could not coincide in many of his speculations regarding the termination of the world, we made the reverend gentleman most welcome, and found him an addition to our society in Cabool. He had been in Bokhara, but had not ventured to preach in that centre of Islam. His after misfortunes had originated from his denominating himself a Haje, which implies a Mahomedan pilgrim, and for which he had been plundered and beaten."

In our third notice of Jacquemont, (*Athenæum*, No. 324,) we quoted Dr. Gerard's account of Dost Mohammed Khan; Lieut. Burnes amply confirms the Doctor's high character of that able chieftain, but says nothing of his republican principles. Republicanism in Asia would certainly be an exotic destined to a very brief existence. But, republican or not, Dost Mohammed is an intelligent upright ruler, who has done more to increase the prosperity of Cabul, than any that the country has had since the days of the Emperor Baber. As he is likely to have great influence over the future extension of British commerce towards Central Asia, we

shall extract the account of his conversation with Lieut. Burnes:—

"He rose on our entrance, saluted in the Persian fashion, and then desired us to be seated on a velvet carpet near himself. He assured us that we were welcome to his country; and, though he had seen few of us, he respected our nation and character. To this I replied as civilly as I could, praising the equity of his government, and the protection which he extended to the traveller and the merchant. When we sat down, we found our party consist of six or eight native gentlemen, and three sons of the chief. We occupied a small but neat apartment, which had no other furniture than the carpet. The conversation of the evening was varied, and embraced such a number of topics, that I find it difficult to detail them; such was the knowledge, intelligence, and curiosity that the chief displayed. He was anxious to know the state of Europe, the number of kings, the terms on which they lived with one another; and, since it appeared that their territories were adjacent, how they existed without destroying each other. I named the different nations, sketched out their relative power, and informed him, that our advancement in civilization did no more exempt us from war and quarrels than his own country; that we viewed each other's acts with jealousy, and endeavoured to maintain a balance of power, to prevent one king from overturning another. Of this, however, there were, I added, various instances in European history; and the chief himself had heard of Napoleon. He next requested me to inform him of the revenues of England; how they were collected; how the laws were enacted; and what were the productions of the soil. He perfectly comprehended our constitution from a brief explanation; and said there was nothing wonderful in our universal success, since the only revenue which we drew from the people was to defray the debts and expenses of the state. 'Your wealth, then,' added he, 'must come from India.' I assured him that the revenues of that country were spent in it; that the sole benefits derived from its possession consisted in its being an outlet to our commerce; and that the only wealth sent to the mother country consisted of a few hundred thousand pounds, and the fortunes taken away by the servants of the government. I never met an Asiatic who credited this fact before. Dost Mohammed Khan observed, that 'this satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts. He enquired into the state of the Mahomedan principalities in India, and as to the exact power of Runjeet Sing, for sparing whose country he gave us no credit. He wished to know if we had any designs upon Cabool. He had heard from some Russian merchants of the manner of recruiting the armies by conscription in that country, and wished to know if it were general in Europe. He had also heard of their founding hospitals, and required an explanation of their utility and advantage. He begged I would inform him about China; and if its people were warlike, and if their country could be invaded from India; if its soil were productive, and its climate salubrious; and why the inhabitants differed so much from those of other countries. The mention of Chinese manufactures led to a notice of those in England; he enquired about our machinery and steam engines, and then expressed his wonder at the cheapness of our goods. He asked about the curiosities which I had seen, and which of the cities in Hindostan I had most admired. I replied, Delhi. He then questioned me if I had seen the rhinoceros, and if the Indian animals differed from those of Cabool. He had heard of our music, and was desirous of knowing if it surpassed that of Ca-

bool. From these matters he turned to those which concerned myself; asked why I had left India, and the reasons for changing my dress. I informed him that I had a great desire to see foreign countries, and I now purposed travelling towards Europe by Bokhara; and that I had changed my dress to prevent my being pointed at in this land; but that I had no desire to conceal from him and the chiefs of every country I entered, that I was an Englishman, and that my entire adoption of the habits of the people had added to my comfort. The chief replied in very kind terms, applauded the design, and the propriety of changing our dress."

With the single exception of Runjeet Sing, Asia holds not a ruler who would display similar enlightened curiosity. In the number of the *Athenæum* to which reference has been already made, we quoted Gerard's account of Cabul, which differs little from that given by Lieutenant Burnes. We shall therefore pass over the description of the city, and proceed at once to the passage of the Hindû Kush. The valley and excavated city of Bameean are wondrous objects:—

"Nothing could be more grand than the scenery which we met in this valley. Frightful precipices hung over us; and many a fragment beneath informed us of their instability. For about a mile it was impossible to proceed on horseback, and we advanced on foot, with a gulf beneath us. The dell presented a beautiful section of the mountains to the eye of the geologist; and, though a by-path, appeared to have been fortified in former years, as innumerable ruins testified. Some of these were pointed out as the remnants of the post-houses of the Mogul emperors; but by far the greater number were assigned to the age of Zohak, an ancient king of Persia.† One castle in particular, at the northern termination of the valley, and commanding the gorge, had been constructed with great labour on the summit of a precipice, and was ingeniously supplied with water. It would be useless to record all the fables of the people regarding these buildings."

"Bameean is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called 'Soomuch' by the people. A detached hill, in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodytes of Alexander's historians. It is called the city of Ghoohghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills at Bameean are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried, excites attention. Caves are dug on both sides of the valley, but the greater number lie on the northern face, where we found the idols: altogether they form an immense city. Labourers are frequently hired to dig in them; and their trouble is rewarded by rings, relics, coins, &c. They generally bear Cufic inscriptions, and are of a later date than the age of Mahomed. These excavated caves, or houses, have no pretensions to architectural ornament, being no more than squared holes in the hill. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the

† More probably the name given by the Persians to the oppressive Assyrian dynasty.—*Edit.*

works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one, half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is subject to Cabool; it would appear to be a place of high antiquity; and is, perhaps, the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled 'Bakhtur Zumeen,' or Bakhtur country. The name of Bameean is said to be derived from its elevation,—'bam' signifying balcony, and the affix 'eean' country. It may be so called from the caves rising one over another in the rock."

A plate of the colossal idols found at Bameean is given, and it furnishes a theme of much interesting speculation to the Oriental antiquary. After quitting the territories of the Afghans, our travellers entered the dominions of an Uzbek chief, a perfect sample of the tyrants who, from remote antiquity, have prevented the extension of civilization in Asia:—

"At Syghan we found ourselves in the territory of Mahommed Ali Beg, an Uzbek who is alternately subject to Cabool and Koondooz, as the chiefs of these states respectively rise in power. He satisfies the chief of Cabool with a few horses, and his Koondooz lord with a few men, captured in forays by his sons and officers, who are occasionally sent out for the purpose. Such is the difference between the taste of his northern and southern neighbours. The captives are Huzaras, on whom the Uzbeks nominally wage war for their Shiah creed, that they may be converted to Soonees and good Mahomedans. A friend lately remonstrated with this chief for his gross infringement of the laws of the Prophet, in the practice of man-stealing. He admitted the crime; but as God did not forbid him in his sleep, and his conscience was easy, he said that he did not see why he should desist from so profitable a traffic. I should have liked an opportunity to administer a sleeping draught to this conscience-satisfied Uzbek. He is nowise famed for justice, or protection of the traveller; a caravan of Jews passed his town last year, on route to Bokhara, he detained some of their women, and defended the outrage, by replying to every remonstrance, that their progeny would become Mahomedan, and justify the act. So this wretch steals men, and violates the honour of a traveller's wife, because he believes it acceptable conduct before his God, and in consonance with the principles of his creed!"

At the last pass of the Hindú Kúsh, the travellers narrowly escaped the horrors of perpetual slavery:—

"On the 26th of May, we crossed the last pass of the Indian Caucasus,—the Kara Kootul, or Black Pass,—but had yet a journey of ninety-five miles before we cleared the mountains. We descended at the village of Doaab into the bed of the river of Khooloom, and followed it to that place among terrific precipices, which at night obscured all the stars but those of the zenith. On this pass we had an adventure, which illustrates the manners of the people among whom we were travelling, and might have proved serious. Our Cafila-bashee had intimated to us that we had reached a dangerous neighbourhood, and consequently hired an escort, headed, as I have stated, by the son of Rhumut ollah Khan (the Tajik chief of Kamurd, devotedly attached to wine, and as great a robber as his Uzbek neighbours). In ascending the pass, we met a large caravan of horses, en route to Cabool; and, on reaching the top, descried a party of robbers advancing over a ridge of hills, and from the direction of Hindoo Koosh. The cry of 'Allaman, Allaman!' which here means a robber, soon spread; and we drew

up with our escort to meet, and, if possible, fight the party. The robbers observed our motions, and were now joined by some other men, who had lain in ambush, which increased their party to about thirty. Each of us sent on a couple of horsemen, who drew up at a distance of a hundred yards, and parleyed. The robbers were Tatar Huzaras, commanded by a notorious freebooter named Dilawur, who had come in search of the horse caravan. On discovering that it had passed, and that we were in such good company as the son of the chief of Kamurd, they gave up all intentions of attack, and we pushed on without delay; immediately we had cleared the pass, they occupied it; but the whole of their booty consisted of two laden camels of the caravan, which had loitered behind. These they seized in our view, as well as their drivers, who would now become slaves for life; and had we not hired our escort, we should have perhaps shared a similar fate, and found ourselves next day tending herds and flocks among the mountains. The party was well mounted, and composed of desperate men: disappointed of their prey, they attacked the village of Doaab at night, where we first intended to halt. We had luckily pushed on three miles further, and bivouacked in the bed of a torrent in safety. The incidents of our escape furnished some room for reflection; and we had to thank the Cafila bashee for his prudence, which had cleared us of the danger. The old gentleman stroked down his beard, blessed the lucky day, and thanked God for preserving his good name and person from such scoundrels."

Lieutenant Burnes had a still more narrow escape at Koondooz, where he would certainly have been detained had he not contrived to make the chief believe that he was an Armenian. He was permitted to proceed, and soon reached the ancient city of Balkh, whose inhabitants seem to be among the most civilized of Mohammedans:—

"On the morning of the 9th of June, we entered the ancient city of Balkh, which is in the dominions of the King of Bokhara; and wound among its extensive ruins for nearly three miles before reaching a caravansary in the inhabited corner of this once proud 'Mother of Cities' (Amo ool Bulad). On the way we were met by two police officers, Toorkmuns, who searched us for our money, that they might tax it. I told them at once that we had twenty gold tillas each; and they demanded one in twenty, according to their law, since we were not Mahomedans. We complied and took a sealed receipt; but they returned in the evening, and demanded as much more, since we avowed ourselves as Europeans, and were not subject to a Mahomedan ruler. I discovered that their position was legal, and paid the sum; but I had a greater store of gold than that about my own person."

Balkh and its ancient glories have been familiar to us from childhood; they are mentioned in almost every Oriental tale, and they have been introduced by Addison into one of his most beautiful apologues. The account of its present condition is a sad contrast to the gorgeous splendour which we have been accustomed to associate with its name.

"Its present population does not amount to 2000 souls; who are chiefly natives of Cabool, and the remnant of the Kara-noukur, a description of militia established here by the Afghans. There are also a few Arabs. The Koondooz chief has marched off a great portion of its population, and constantly threatens the city; which has driven the inhabitants to the neighbouring villages. In its wide area the city appears to have enclosed innumerable gardens; which increased its size without adding to its population; and from the frail materials of

which its buildings are constructed, the foundations being only brick, I doubt if Balkh ever were a substantial city.† There are three large colleges of a handsome structure, now in a state of decay, with their cells empty. A mud wall surrounds a portion of the town; but it must be of a late age, since it excludes the ruins on every side for about two miles. The citadel, or ark, on the northern side has been more solidly constructed; yet it is a place of no strength. There is a stone of white marble in it, which is yet pointed out as the throne of Kai Kaoos, or Cyrus. Balkh stands on a plain, about six miles from the hills, and not upon them, as is erroneously represented. There are many inequalities in the surrounding fields, which may arise from ruins and rubbish. The city itself, like Babylon, has become a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country. These are of an oblong shape, rather square. Most of the old gardens are now neglected and overgrown with weeds; the aqueducts are dried up; but there are clumps of trees in many directions. The people have a great veneration for the city; believing it was one of the earliest peopled portions of the earth, and that the re-occupation of it will be one of the signs of the approaching end of the world. The fruit of Balkh is most luscious; particularly the apricots, which are nearly as large as apples. They are almost below value; for 2000 of them were to be purchased for a rupee; and, with iced water, they are indeed luxuries, though dangerous ones. Snow is brought in quantities from the mountains south of Balkh, about twenty miles distant, and sold for a trifle throughout the year."

After quitting Balkh, the caravan proceeded with an escort of Türkmen to the Oxus. The last day's march was truly singular:—

"We saddled at sunset; and after a journey of fifteen hours, and a distance of thirty miles, found ourselves on the banks of that great river, which I gazed on with feelings of pure delight. It now ran before us in all the grandeur of solitude, as a reward for the toil and anxiety which we had experienced in approaching it. It might not have been prudent to commit ourselves to a guard of Toorkmuns in such a desert; but they conducted us in safety, and made few or no enquiries about us. They spoke nothing but Turkish. They rode good horses, and were armed with a sword and long spear. They were not encumbered with shields and powder-horns, like other Asiatics; and a few only had matchlocks. They beguiled the time by singing together in a language that is harsh but sonorous. They appeared to be the very *beau idéal* of light dragoons; and their caps gave to the whole of them a becoming uniformity. They never use more than a single rein, which sets off their horses to advantage. Some of the Toorkmun chiefs, I afterwards observed, had rosettes and loose pieces of leather ornamented with gold and silver, which fell behind the ear of the animal, giving his head a showy and becoming appearance. Till within a mile and a half of the river, we had traversed a peculiarly inhospitable and unpromising country, quite destitute of water; and its stunted herbage either protruded from mounds of loose drifting sand, or made its appearance through sheets of hard clay. I shall long remember our dreary advance on the Oxus, and the wild society in which it was made."

The mode of crossing the Oxus is too extraordinary to be omitted:—

"The mode in which we passed the Oxus was singular, and I believe, quite peculiar to

† Nineveh and Babylon were probably built with the same frail materials, and hence the difficulty of identifying their ruins. We are Lamont described for a thousand years, what would it be but a wilderness of brick-dust? —*Edit.*

this part of the country. We were drawn by a pair of horses, who were yoked to the boat, on each bow, by a rope fixed to the hair of the mane. The bridle is then put on as if the horse were to be mounted; the boat is pushed into the stream, and, without any other assistance than the horses, is ferried directly across the most rapid channel. A man on board holds the reins of each horse, and allows them to play loosely in the mouth, urging him to swim; and, thus guided, he advances without difficulty. There is not an oar to aid in impelling the boat; and the only assistance from those on board consists in manœuvring a rude rounded pole at the stern, to prevent the vessel from wheeling in the current, and to give both horses clear water to swim. They sometimes use four horses; and in that case, two are fixed at the stern. These horses require no preparatory training, since they indiscriminately yoke all that cross the river. One of the boats was dragged over by the aid of two of our jaded ponies; and the vessel which attempted to follow us without them, was carried so far down the stream as to detain us a whole day on the banks, till it could be brought up to the camp of our caravan. By this ingenious mode, we crossed a river nearly half a mile wide, and running at the rate of three miles and a half, in fifteen minutes of actual sailing; but there was some detention from having to thread our way among the sand banks that separated the branches. I see nothing to prevent the general adoption of this expeditious mode of passing a river, and it would be an invaluable improvement below the Ghauts of India. I had never before seen the horse converted to such a use; and in my travels through India, I had always considered that noble animal as a great incumbrance in crossing a river."

The plundering propensities of the Uzbecks are notorious, but we did not know that "the ladies" joined in marauding exploits. We must not however forget, that in the reign of Edward I. noble dames were specified in the royal proclamations, as among the robbers of foreign merchants who visited England; and, humbled by such a reminiscence, we must not too severely condemn the Amazons of Lakay:—

"Near the country we now entered, there is a tribe of Uzbecks, called Lakay, who are celebrated for their plundering propensities. A saying among them curses every one who dies in his bed, since a true Lakay should lay down his life in a foray or 'chupao.'† I was told that the females sometimes accompany their husbands, on these marauding expeditions; but it is stated, with greater probability, that the young ladies plunder the caravans which pass near their home. This tribe lives near Hissar, which is a romantic neighbourhood; since, besides the Amazons of Lakay, three or four neighbouring tribes claim a descent from Alexander the Great."

Kurshee was the most remarkable place visited by our traveller between Balkh and Bokhara:—

"Our halt at Kurshee gave us some opportunity of seeing the place. It is a straggling town, a mile long, with a considerable bazar, and about 10,000 inhabitants. The houses are flat roofed, but mean. A mud fort, surrounded by a wet ditch, forms a respectable defence on the south-west side of the town. A river, which rises from Shuhur Subz, about fifty miles distant, and famous as the birthplace of Timour, passes north of Kurshee, and enables its inhabitants to form innumerable gardens, which are shaded by trees groaning under fruit, and some

† Plundering expedition: especially one for procuring slaves.—*Edit.*

lofty poplars. These trees have a tall and noble aspect; and their leaves, when rustling in the wind, assume a white silvery appearance, though actually green, which has a curious and pleasing effect on the landscape. Never were the blessings of water more apparent than in this spot, which must otherwise have been a barren waste. On the banks of the rivulet and its branches, every thing is verdant and beautiful; away from them, all is sandy and sterile. Kurshee is the largest place in the Kingdom of Bokhara, next to the capital. Its oasis is about twenty-two miles broad, but the river expends itself in the surrounding fields."

The greater part of Lieutenant Burnes's description of Bokhara has already appeared in the *Athenæum*, (No. 340); we shall, however, next week, give a few more interesting particulars.

Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance.
In Two Parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq.
Part I. London: Moxon.

WERE the executive talent displayed in this work a thousand times inferior to what it is, we should think it commanded our most respectful notice, from the views of art with which it was evidently written. These are partly expounded in a preface which we earnestly recommend not only to the perusal, but to the serious attention of our readers.

It is the habit of our age and country to talk of the mind of man, and its operations and products, as so many detached and unconnected parcels—nay, rather, to antagonize or contrast them all. Thus we are always hearing reason and imagination—philosophy and art—science and poetry—religion and morality, opposed and set up as watchwords of a sect or party. Undoubtedly it is necessary to have names to distinguish, as nearly as we can distinguish, every movement and every product of this so complex machine; but till we reach that point at which we see all these radii converge and blend into one complete harmonious whole, that point whence indeed all originally emanate, we shall continue to deal with man and the world in that lame and piecemeal manner which has already produced so many bungling results. Till the indissoluble triune nature of religion, philosophy and art, is fully recognized—till the dependence of each on the other, and the absolute necessity of each and all to the perfection of either, in the mind or works of man, is appreciated, we, for ourselves, have small hope of seeing any fruit from the attempts at education, at 'diffusion of useful knowledge,' or whatever shape one-sided culture may take.

It may be objected, that the great masters of philosophy and art gave their eternal treasures to the world without putting forth any such speculations as these—probably without thinking of them. The answer is, that, even if this be true, they felt and acted upon them. The same conceptions of the high, the beautiful, and the good, which, in Plato's mind, clothed themselves in the words by which he tried to make them intelligible and desirable to his hearers, in the minds of other inspired men, clothed themselves in visible forms, or in harmonious sounds. The mode of expressing this perception of the fine link which unites the sensual with the spiritual; the kind of power of making sensible impressions minister to the purification and elevation of the soul, may differ according to

the original organization, or the accidental training of the individual; but they must exist, or, whatever be the *vicinity* of conception, whatever the technical skill, *the highest* in art will never be reached. To each man his art must be a religion—his calling a mission. It is thus that Milton, Buonarroti, and others, professedly regarded it. Many as high, or higher than they, made indeed no such profession, but their own conviction, or inspiration, is stamped legibly enough on their works.

It is because it is become little less than ridiculous now-a-days to look at the matter thus; because it requires courage in a man to avow that he cultivates art with any higher views than as a source of gain, of reputation, or of amusement, that we despair of seeing a great work,—still more a great man, arise among us.

Instead of feeling themselves a peculiar people, elevated above all necessity of seeking those small and ephemeral distinctions which raise the common herd of men out of their nothingness, you shall see them hanging on the skirts of good society,—courting its smiles and laying their glorious gifts at its feet, either with the anxious dependency of hired servants, or with an affected—perhaps still worse, a real—contempt of those gifts, as compared with the gewgaws around them.

Where shall we find the poet, the artist, that venerates his art in himself? Lord Byron obeyed the strong impulse which drove him to verse, with a haughty carelessness, as if the lord condescended in becoming a poet. He treated the muse as a man treats the frail and beautiful mistress whom he loves with a depth and passion he is ashamed to avow, though he is not sorry to have it known that he possesses her favours. She, the star-crowned goddess, was to be his plaything when others wearied and disgusted him, his drudge if he wanted money, his passport to the gaping wonderment of the idle herd of fashion. She, whom he ought to have worshipped with the deepest love and reverence; whose influences he ought to have regarded as consecrating him to something apart from, and high above, all that surrounded him; and who, had his mental vision been sufficiently purged from the coarseness of earth to see her glories, would have raised him far, far above what he was. She would have given him that deep peace which the world cannot approach to injure, and the present consciousness of an earned immortality. But nowhere, in his intercourse with his friends, do we see that he had so much as a glimpse of his high mission. It seems rather that the blood of Gordon, his place in the peerage, or in that world of fashion which he equally despised and feared, his personal advantages and defects, his successes as a man of pleasure—anything, in short, was more important in his eyes than that light within him which he suffered every dark cloud and foul stain to obscure. He, a nursing of one of the public schools of England, knew well to what ridicule a man must expose himself who worships any other gods than those which the coarse materialism and the servile conventionalism of the country have set up; and he had not strength to build up his own altar and keep his eyes steadfastly fixed on its sacred flame, whence he would have drawn not only a higher inspi-

ration than any he ever knew, but serenity and love.

We speak not of him as a singular, but as the most illustrious, victim of this kind, our age has had. The same want of earnestness, of insight into the vocation of art, of faith in its mighty and indestructible influence, characterizes nearly all our artists. The consequences are but too evident. Their works want the divine spirit—they are of the earth earthy, and they will return whence they came.

All our notions of education are tinged with the same narrow and vulgar spirit. Education, with us, means a sort of mechanical drill, which leaves entirely out of calculation the most important faculties and feelings of the human being. Talk to an Englishman of the importance of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, the drama, to the moral education of the people, and he stares or laughs in your face. These are thought luxuries, resources against ennui for the rich and the idle—means of gratifying vanity, or love of ostentation. The wisdom of Greece is thrown away upon us, no less than the religion of love.

With these notions of the importance of a poet's view of his art, of the high moral duties to which it binds him, and the singleness of mind and purpose with which he ought to follow out his noble calling, it may be imagined that we hail with unusual satisfaction the appearance of a work which contains ample evidence of this moral elevation, united to talents of a high and peculiar order. But we must let the author speak. In some remarks on modern poetry and poets, which are full of discrimination and of temperate justice, he says,

"These poets were characterized by great sensibility and fervour, by a profusion of imagery, by force and beauty of language, and by a versification peculiarly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody, which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry—its vital warmth not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited, tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry, has there not ensued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part?"

"We sat," says he beautifully, "at a high festival of poetry, in which, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torch-light put out the star-light."

"Either (he continues) they did not look upon mankind with observant eyes, or they did not feel it to be any part of their vocation to turn what they saw to account. It did not belong to poetry, in their apprehension, to thread the mazes of life in all its classes and under all its circumstances, common as well as romantic, and, seeing all things, to infer and to instruct: on the contrary, it was to stand aloof from every thing that is plain and true: to have little concern with what is rational or wise; it was to be, like music, a moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy, the affections, the passions, but scarcely connected with the exercise of the intellectual faculties."

In the two greatest poets of modern Europe, Shakespeare and Goethe, perhaps the most striking quality is the perfect, the unfailing

good sense. Take out from them all that are usually thought the peculiar characteristics of the poet, and there will remain that accurate and comprehensive knowledge of human affairs, that exquisite appreciation of motives, that unerring judgment and wide-looking wisdom, which form the reputation of the sage. It was their business to know, not flashes of character, here and there, not strange anomalies and wild exceptions,—but Man; and it is because they are always and for ever true, that they possess a hold on the minds of men, which no varieties of country, age, or fashion can shake.

"Poetry (says Mr. Taylor) of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy; but failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strong-holds of fame."

We should gladly follow our author through his whole analysis of the character of Lord Byron's poetry, but we must content ourselves with a few passages which seem to us full of truth and wisdom:—

"But whilst his ignorance of the better elements of human nature may be believed to have been in a great measure affected, it is not to be supposed that he knew of them with a large and appreciating knowledge. Yet that knowledge of human nature which is exclusive of what is good in it, is, to say the least, as shallow and imperfect as that which is exclusive of what is evil. There is no such thing as philosophical misanthropy; and if a misanthropical spirit, be it genuine or affected, be found to pervade a man's writings, that spirit may be poetical as far as it goes, but being at fault in its philosophy, it will never, in the long run of time, approve itself equal to the institution of a poetical fame of the highest and most durable order.

"These imperfections are especially observable in the portraiture of human character (if such it can be called) which are most prominent in Lord Byron's works. There is nothing in them of the mixture and modification,—nothing of the composite fabric which Nature has assigned to Man. They exhibit rather passions personified, than persons impassioned. But there is a yet worse defect in them. Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. * * * When the conduct and feelings attributed to them are reduced into prose, and brought to the test of a rational consideration, they must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength, except that of their intensely selfish passions. * * * If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroic, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment, or infirm in character?"

"How nobly opposite to Lord Byron's, was Shakespeare's conception of a hero:—

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart."

Farther on he says—

"I would by no means wish to be understood as saying that a poet can be too imaginative, provided that his other faculties be exercised in due proportion to his imagination. I would have no man depress his imagination, but I would have him raise his reason to be its equipoise. What I would be understood to oppugn, is the strange opinion which seems to prevail amongst certain of our writers and readers of poetry, that good sense stands in a species of antagonism to poetical genius, instead of being one of its most

essential constituents. The maxim that a poet should be of 'imagination all compact,' is not, I think, to be adopted thus literally. That predominance of the imaginative faculty, or of impassioned temperament, which is incompatible with the attributes of a sound understanding and a just judgment, may make a rhapsodist, a melodist, or a visionary, each of whom may produce what may be admired for the particular talent and beauty belonging to it; but imagination and passion, thus unsupported, will never make a poet, in the largest and highest sense of the appellation:—

"For Poetry is Reason's self sublimed!
'Tis Reason's sovereignty, whereunto
All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
All fancies, images, perceptions, passions,
All intellectual ordinance grows up
From accident, necessity, or custom.
Seen to be good, and after made authentic;
All ordinance aforethought, that from science
Doth prescience take, and from experience law;
All lights and institutes of digested knowledge,
Gifts and endowments of intelligence
From sources living, from the dead bequests,—
Subserve and minister."

With this serious, noble, and beautiful appreciation of the qualities and ends of poetry—with this endeavour at the holy work of reuniting those whom God hath joined together, but whom one-sided fanatics on either side have striven to put asunder—Reason and Imagination, the Sensual and the Intellectual—we must close our general remarks, which nothing but the importance of the subject could excuse the length of, and go to the matter of the play.

Those who have acquired a taste for the corrupt excitement, of which we have had a good deal here, and in which the French have dealt so largely, will, of course, find any work of an author holding such opinions, flat and tame. We believe it pretty nearly as useful to expostulate with such persons, as with habitual gin-drinkers. The habit is formed, the craving excited—they must go on their way, hoping, that out of the dark records of rude and bloody times, or the blacker recesses of distorted imaginations, some wilder villany, some grosser vice, some yet unimagined horror may arise, to afford the stimulus they need.

Mr. Taylor's tragedy lies, indeed, in wild times, and among rough and bad men, but no needless pictures of horror are forced before us. The main interest of the first part, rests on the unfolding of great and unlooked for qualities, in a man suddenly called from a life of retirement and contemplation, to one of difficult and desperate action—wherein his conduct justifies the character given of him by an enemy.

D'Arton. The life he's led
Serv'd rather in its transit to eclipse
Than to show forth his nature; and, that passed,
You'll now behold him as he truly is,
One of a cold and of a constant mind,
Not quickened into ardent action soon,
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things.

The changes produced on the same character by power and success are no less admirably delineated in the second part. But we must reserve the consideration of this for another time.

The play or plays—for like Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' it comprehends two distinct periods of the life of the hero, each furnishing matter of a long drama, are historical. The subject is the civil wars of Flanders during the fourteenth century; an important portion of the general resistance to feudalism, which grew with the growing wealth and power of the trading classes. We shall confine our-

selves here to the first part. The most prominent persons are, Philip van Artevelde, son of that Jaques van Artevelde, whose government of Flanders during the reign of our Edward III. is so much commended by Froissart, and who was slaughtered on his own threshold by the very people he had served so well: several leaders of the White-Hood or popular party of Ghent, Father John of Heda, a monk and former preceptor of Philip, the Earl of Flanders, afterwards Duke of Burgundy, Sir Walter d'Arlon, a brave and chivalrous Frenchman, in his service, Gilbert Matthew, a vile and cold-blooded tool of oppression, Adriana Van Merestyn, the beloved of Artevelde, and Clara, his sister.

There is much fine discrimination of character in all these, and even in those whom the uses of a camp would seem to confound in one common colour of coarseness and ferocity; but the great strength of the poem lies in the hero himself—his character is precisely fitted for the genius of the author, which is rather calm, lofty, earnest, and contemplative, than glancing and passionate. At the opening of the play we find the popular cause almost desperate, one of its chief leaders destroyed, and all things apparently conspiring towards the triumph of the Earl of Flanders. At this critical point, Philip van Artevelde is called upon to put himself at the head of the popular cause, and save it from ruin. Not unmindful of his father's fate, of the fickle breath of popular favour, of the sacrifice of that calm, retired, and studious life, to which his tastes, habits, and hopes had led him, he accepts the awful trust, and becomes

A man of many cares, new taken up,
To whom there's nothing more can come in life
But what is serious and solicitous.

The following passage, from the scene in which he at once discloses his love to the gentle and noble Adriana, and cautions her against putting her happiness out to venture with one whose fate is so dark and troubled, is full of deep and refined thought, and of high poetical and moral beauty.

Artevelde. All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerably,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes. I trained myself
To take my place in high or low estate
As one of that small order of monkhood.
Wherefore, though I indulge no more the dream
Of living as I hoped I might have lived,
A life of temperate and thoughtful joy,
Yet I repine not, and from this time forth
Will cast no look behind.

Adriana. Oh Artevelde!
What can have made you so mysterious?
What change hath come since morning. Oh! how soon
The words and looks which seem'd all confidence
To me at least—how soon are they recalled!
But let them be—it matters not; I, too,
Will cast no look behind—Oh, if I should,
My heart would never hold its wretchedness.
Art. My gentle Adriana, you run wild
In false conjectures: hear me to the end.
If hitherto we have not said we lov'd,
Yet hath the heart of each declar'd its love
By all the tokens wherein love delights.
We heretofore have trusted in each other,
Too wholly have we trusted to have need
Of words or vows, pledges or protestations.
Let not such trust be hastily dissolved.

Art. I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,
Hoped and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
Till this day, when I first breathed freelier,
Daring to trust—and now—Oh God, my heart!
It was not made to bear this agony—
Tell me you love me, or you love me not.

Art. I love thee, dearest, with as large a love
As e'er was compass'd in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,
And find a resting place for that so wild

And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.

Adr. What was it that you said then? if you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?

Art. Be calm!
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou mayst be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity.
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave;
These have not liv'd more undisturbed than I.
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;
And now the time comes fast, when here in Ghent,
He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men, must be himself in arms.
This time is near for all—nearer for me.
I will not wait upon necessity
And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,
But rather meet the times where best I may,
And mould and fashion them as best I can.
Reflect then that I soon may be embarked
In all the hazards of these troublous times,
And in your own free choice take or resign me.

And again, in a later scene—

Art. This I foresaw, and things have fallen out
No worse than I forewarned thee that they might.
What must be, must. My course hath been appointed;
For I feel that within me which accords
With what I have to do. The field is fair,
And I have no perplexity or cloud
Upon my vision. Everything is clear.
And take this with thee for thy comfort too—
That that man is not most in tribulation
Who walks his own way, resolute of mind,
With answerable skill to pick his steps.
Men in their places are the men that stand,
And I am strong and stable on my legs;
For though full many a care from this time forth,
Must harbour in my head, my heart is fresh,
And there is but this trouble touches it,
I know not what to do with thee.

Adr. With me.
Say'st thou?—Oh never vex thy heart for that;
Nor think of me so all unworthily
As that some chubbey merry-making boy
Were fittest for my mate. Nay, said I not—
And if I said it not, I say it now—
I'll follow thee through sunshine and through storm:
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,
In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee,
In thy temptations when bad men beset thee.
In all the perils which must now press round thee.
And, should they crush thee, in the hour of death,
If thy ambition, late aroused, was that
Which pushed thee on this perilous adventure,
Then I will be ambitious too,—if not,
And it was thy ill fortune drove thee to it,
Then I will be fortunate no less.
I will resemble thee in that and all things
Wherein a woman may: grave will I be
And thoughtful, for already it is gone—
The boon that nature gave me at my birth,
My own original gaiety of heart.
All will I part with to partake thy cares,
Let but thy love be with me to the last.

How affecting, how true, and how profoundly moral, are these solitary reflections of a man whom power, and the necessity of working with bad instruments,—of accomplishing the good which allured his noble mind, through the evil which must sully its brightness, have already changed: the backward look upon a life of purity and peace—the sad and shrinking, yet certain, anticipation of a future whose shadow has already fallen upon his soul!

Art. To be the chief of honourable men
Is honour; and if dangerous, yet faithful
Still binds them fast as the danger grows.
To be the head of villains,—what is that?
But to be mind to an unwholesome body—
To give away a noble human soul
In sad metempsychosis to the brutes,
Whose carrion, else exanimate, but gains
A moment's life from this, then so infects
That all together die the death of beasts. (A pause.)
These hands are spotless yet—
Yea, white as when in infancy they stray'd
Unconscious o'er my mother's face, or closed
With that small grasp which mothers love to feel.
No stain has come upon them since that time—
They have done nothing violent—
Of a calm will untroubled servants they,
And went about their offices, if here
I must not say in purity, in peace.
But he they served,—he is not what he was.

It will have already been seen, that Mr. Taylor is not only gifted by nature with a most delicate ear (for it would be difficult to find blank verse of more varied and harmonious cadence), but that he has, whether in prose or verse, the mastery of his language; that he unites scholar-like precision in the use of words, to that feeling of their poetical effect which is not to be learned, though it may be cultivated. The following appears to us one of the most remarkable examples of simple, complete eloquence, we have seen for a long time: there is not a single ornament or figure—no fine words—no strained effects—yet how admirably it rises from the almost prosaic style of the earlier lines to the burst at the end; and in how artist-like a manner has the poet adapted even the pauses in his lines to the production of this effect—the proper effect of oratory!

Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant seat
Had e'er dishonoured them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guess'd, or could they but have dream'd
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!

We must indulge in one quotation more, and then, for the present, have done. Adriana is forcibly carried off by her unworthy lover, the Lord of Oeco, and placed in confinement:—the following is her expostulation with his squire:—

Adriana. Master Van Aeswyn!
Madam! It is thou
That thus abusest me!
Van Aeswyn. I, Madam! No.
I have done nothing: if a wrong there be,
It lies with others; I have but obeyed
Whom I am bound to serve.
Adr. Alas! thy guilt
Is but more object, being ministrant
Unto another's, and thyself no less
Accountable to heaven. His lust and greed
Whom thou abettest, thou dost make thine own,
And nothing gett'st but wages of thy service
To pay thy sin. What, isn't that shame to a
Thou putt'st thine immortal soul to sale
For profit of another, thy reward
Being the sorry guerdon of a squire,
With blot and stain of such addition vile
Of countenance and favour, bred of guilt,
As he that uses thee may please to show thee;
Favour, that coming from so soiled a source,
And for such soil of service, if well weighed,
Less of reward than punishment should taste,
And less of honourable show should wear,
Than show of reprehension. Thou to stamp
A gentle name with stigma of such deeds!
Oh curse of bad men's hire!

Van Aeswyn. Nay, madam, nay;
'Tis not for hire, neither for countenance:
But I have taken service with this lord,
And by the law of arms—
Adr. What law is that?
'Tis not the law of God, nor yet above it.
Van Aeswyn. An honest squire is bound by plighted
faith,
And by the law of arms, to execute
His lord's behests.
Adr. Though they be base and foul?
Oh Sin! what thread or filament so fine
Of casual consent, of compact void,
Slip in betwixt "God save you" and "good morrow,"
That's not a want of authority
To bind a man to thee! to thee, glib Sin!
Eut Virtue! where is that indissoluble chain
Which to thy anchored mandaments eterne
The floating soul shall grapple! Law of arms!
Grant 'twere that law supernal it is not,
Yet dost thou break it: for all wrongs to women
Stand in its code denounced.
Van Aeswyn. By all that's just
The deed misliken me from the first; three times

I prayed his lordship to bethink himself
What quittance he should hazard, and what blame,
In wronging of so rich and good a lady;
But still he said the Earl should bring him through,
Let come what might; insisting that by law
You were in wardship, and His Grace might grant
Your hand to whom was fittest.

Adv. Oh blind craft!
Oh frail inventions of humanity!
We shall no earthly prince nor potentate
Toss like a morsel of his broken meat
To any supplicant. He they advised
I am in wardship to the King of kings;
God and my heart alone dispose of me.

We had intended to give the description of the famine which reigned in Ghent during the siege. It is most pathetic, and even fearful, without any attempts at that appeal to our physical sensibility, which is the vice and shame of modern art, and proves nothing but coarseness of imagination, poverty of resource, and feebleness of execution, in the artist;—but we have been already led too far, and must break off.

*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal
In a Series of Letters written during a
Residence in those Countries.* By William
Beckford, Author of 'Vathek.' 2 vols. 8vo.
[Third Notice.]

ALTHOUGH there has been of late an unusual bustle in the publishing world, and we have several works, foreign as well as English, which require attention, we feel that our readers would not willingly excuse us if we broke our promise of making further extracts from these delightful volumes. Where to begin, is about as difficult to determine as where to leave off. Even in the first volume, all Italy lies untouched before us. We find references in our memoranda to the description of St. Anthony's, at Padua—the rheumatic devotees at St. Justina—the two visits to the Euganean Hills, though not one to Petrarch's villa there!—the delicious evenings at Fiesco, with the singing of the Galuzzi—the Vintage at Reggio—the Gallery at Florence—the pilgrimage to Valombrosa—the first visit to St. Peter's—but here we must stop; we will give this one extract, and then farewell to Italy.

"I met the Holy Father in all his pomp returning from vespers. Trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St. Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Most Adrian, I moved on till the full sweep of St. Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent, though irregular courts of the Vatican towering over the colonnade, till, the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

"I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported. A sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air or fetid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but am ignorant whence they came. Several lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries but the dying glow still visible through the western windows. Imagine how I felt upon finding myself alone in this vast temple at so late an hour. Do you think I quitted it without some revelation?

"It was almost eight o'clock before I issued forth, and, pausing a few minutes under the porticos, listened to the rush of the fountains: then traversing half the town, I believe, in my way to the Villa Medici, under which I am lodged, fell into a profound repose, which my zeal and exercise may be allowed, I think, to have merited.

October 30th.
"Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter's, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wish his Holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of the appellation? Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting: at one time to breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another to echo through the dome. The doors should be closed, and not a mortal admitted. No priests, no cardinals: God forbid! We would have all the space to ourselves, and to beings of our own visionary persuasion."

And now to the second volume; and yet to get there we must pass unnoticed the visit to the Grande Chartreuse!

The account of Portugal is written in a different spirit—five years had passed since the author visited Italy, and not without their influences. There is everywhere the same vivid picturing, the same rich colouring, the same passion and power; but instead of scenes from inanimate nature, we have them from life—and taking our tone from the work itself, and desirous that our extracts should be a faithful representation of it in miniature, we shall first give a sketch of Lisbon:—

"Never did I behold such cursed ups-and-downs, such shelving descents and sudden rises, as occur at every step one takes in going about Lisbon. I thought myself fifty times on the point of being overturned into the Tagus, or tumbled into sandy ditches, among rotten shoes, dead cats, and negro beldames, who retire into such dens and burrows for the purpose of telling fortunes and selling charms for the ague.

"The Inquisition too often lays hold of these wretched sibyls, and works them confoundedly. I saw one dragging into light as I passed by the ruins of a palace thrown down by the earthquake. Whether a familiar of the Inquisition was griping her in his clutches, or whether she was taking to account by some disappointed votary, I will not pretend to answer. Be that as it may, I was happy to be driven out of sight of this hideous object, whose contortions and howlings were truly horrible.

"The more one is acquainted with Lisbon, the less it answers the expectations raised by its magnificent appearance from the river. Could a traveller be suddenly transported without preparation or prejudice to many parts of this city, he would reasonably conclude himself traversing a succession of villages awkwardly tacked together, and overpowered by massive convents. The churches in general are in a woful taste of architecture, the taste of Borromini, with crinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices and turrets, somewhat in the style of old-fashioned French clock-cases, such as Boucher designed with many

a scrawl and flourish to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour. * * *

"We walked part of the way home by the serene light of the full moon rising from behind the mountains on the opposite shore of the Tagus, at this extremity of the metropolis above nine miles broad. Lisbon, which appeared to me so uninteresting a few hours ago, assumed a very different aspect by these soft gleams. The flights of steps, terraces, chapels, and porticos of several convents and palaces on the brink of the river, shone forth like edifices of white marble, whilst the rough cliffs and miserable sheds rising above them were lost in dark shadows. The great square through which we passed was filled with idlers of all sorts and sexes, staring up at the illuminated windows of the palace in hopes of catching a glimpse of her Majesty, the Prince, the Infantas, the Confessor, or Maids of Honour, whisking about from one apartment to the other, and giving ample scope to amusing conjectures.

"Beggars innumerable, blind, dumb, and scabby, followed me almost into the water. No beggars equal those of Portugal for strength of lungs, luxuriance of sores, profusion of vermin, variety and arrangement of tatters, and dauntless perseverance."

The Church and the Theatre are important objects in a view of Lisbon:—

The Theatre.—"I went to the theatre in the Rua d'os Condes, in order to dissipate by a little profane air the fumes of so much holiness. The play afforded me more disgust than amusement; the theatre is low and narrow, and the actors, for there are no actresses, below criticism. Her Majesty's absolute commands having swept females off the stage, their parts are acted by calvish young fellows. Judge what a pleasing effect this metamorphosis must produce, especially in the dancers, where one sees a stout shepherdess in virgin white, with a soft blue beard, and a prominent collar-bone, clenching a nosegay in a fist that would almost have knocked down Goliath, and a train of milkmaids attending her enormous foot-steps, tossing their petticoats over their heads at every step. Such sprawling, jerking, and ogling I never saw before, and hope never to see again."

The Festival of the Corpo de Deus.—"A most sonorous peal of bells, an alarming rattle of drums, and a piercing flourish of trumpets, roused me at daybreak. You are too piously disposed to be ignorant that this day [June 7] is the festival of the Corpo de Deus. I had half a mind to have stayed at home, turning over a curious collection of Portuguese chronicles the Prior of Avis has just sent to me; but I was told such wonders of the expected procession that I could not refuse giving myself a little trouble in order to witness them.

"Everybody was gone before I set out, and the streets of the suburb I inhabit, as well as those in the city through which I passed in my way to the patriarchal cathedral, were entirely deserted. A pestilence seemed to have swept the Great Square and the busy environs of the Exchange and India House; for even vagrants, scavengers, and beggars, in the last state of decrepitude, had all hobbled away to the scene of action. A few miserable curs sniffing at offals alone remained in the deserted streets, and I saw no human being at any of the windows, except half-a-dozen children blubbering at being kept at home.

"The murmur of the crowds, assembled round the patriarchal, reached us a long while before we got into the midst of them, for we advanced with difficulty between rows of soldiers drawn up in battle array. Upon turning a dark angle, overshadowed by the high buildings of the seminary adjoining the patriarchal, we discovered houses, shops, and palaces, all metamorphosed into tents, and hung from top to bottom with

ed damask, tapestry satin coverlids, and fringed counterpanes glittering with gold. I thought myself in the midst of the Mogul's encampment, so pompously described by Bernier.

"The front of the Great Church in particular was most magnificently curtained; it rises from a vast flight of steps, which were covered to-day with the yeomen of the Queen's guard in their rich party-coloured velvet dresses, and a multitude of priests bearing a gorgeous variety of painted and silken banners; flocks of fallow monks, white, brown, and black, kept pouring in continually, like turkeys driving to market.

"This part of the holy display lasted a tire-some while, I grew weary, and left the balcony, where we were placed most advantageously, and got into the church. High mass was performing with awful pomp, incense ascending in clouds, and the light of innumerable tapers blazing on the diamonds of the ostensory, just elevated by the patriarch with trembling devout hands to receive the mysterious wafer.

"Before the close of the ceremony, I regained my window, to have a full view of the coming forth of the Sacrament. All was expectation and silence in the people. The guards had ranged them on each side of the steps before the entrance of the church. At length a shower of aromatic herbs and flowers announced the approach of the patriarch, bearing the host under a regal canopy, surrounded by grantees, and preceded by a long train of mitred figures, their hands joined in prayer, their scarlet and purple vestments sweeping the ground, their attendants bearing croziers, crosses, and other insignia of pontifical grandeur.

"The procession slowly descending the flights of stairs to the sound of choirs and the distant thunder of artillery, lost itself in a winding street decorated with embroidered hangings, and left me with my senses in a whirl, and my eyes dazzled, as if awakened from a vision of celestial splendour. . . . My head swims at this moment, and my ears tingle with a confusion of sounds, bells, voices, and the echoes of cannon prolonged by mountains and wafted over waters."

Here is a family picture at the Marquis of Marialva's:—

"As soon as I returned from my walk, Horne took me to dine with him, and afterwards to the Marialva Palace to pay the Grand Prior a visit. The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a French post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great staircase, and had near tumbled over a swingeing sow, and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under our legs with bitter squeakings.

"This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the Grand Prior, his nephew, the old Abade, and a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these, in general, ill-favoured dependents; and none more than the Marialvas, who dole out every day three hundred portions, at least, of rice and other eatables to as many greedy devoursers.

"The Grand Prior had shed his pontifical garments, and did the honours of the house. * * *

"Whilst we were staring with all our eyes and holding our handkerchiefs to our noses, the Count of V—, Viceroy of Algarve, made his appearance, in grand pea-green and pink and silver gala, straddling and making wry faces as if some disagreeable accident had befallen him. He was, however, in a most gracious mood, and received our eulogiums upon his relation, the new bishop, with much complacency. Our conversation was limpingly carried on in a great variety of broken languages. Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, and English, had each their turn in rapid succession. The subject of all this

polyglottery was the glories and piety of John the Fifth, regret for the extinction of the Jesuits and the reverse for the death of Pombal, whose memory he holds in something not distantly removed from execration. This flow of eloquence was accompanied by the strangest, most buffoonical grimaces and slobberings I ever beheld, for the Viceroy having a perennial moistness of mouth, drivels at every syllable.

"One must not, however, decide too hastily upon outward appearances. This slobbering, canting personage, is a distinguished statesman and good officer, pre-eminent amongst the few who have seen service and given proofs of prowess and capacity.

"To escape the long-winded narrations which were pouring warm into my ear, I took refuge near a harpsichord, where Policarpio, one of the first tenors in the Queen's chapel, was singing and accompanying himself. The curtains of the door of an adjoining dark apartment being half drawn, gave me a transient glimpse of Donna Henriqueta de L—, Don Pedro's sister, advancing one moment and retiring the next, eager to approach and examine us exotic beings, but not venturing to enter the saloon during her mother's absence. She appeared to me a most interesting girl, with eyes full of bewitching languor;—but of what do I talk, I only saw her pale and evanescent, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream. A group of lovely children (her sisters, I believe) sat at her feet upon the ground, resembling genii partially concealed by folds of drapery in some grand allegorical picture by Rubens or Paul Veronese.

"Night approaching, lights glimmered on the turrets, terraces, and every part of the strange huddle of buildings of which this morisco-looking palace is composed; half the family were engaged in reciting the litanies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics, perhaps of no very edifying nature; the monotonous staccato of the guitar, accompanied by the low soothing murmur of female voices singing modinhas, formed altogether a strange though not unpleasant combination of sounds.

"I was listening to them with avidity, when a glare of flambeau, and the noise of a splashing and dashing of water, called us out upon the verandas, in time to witness a procession scarcely equalled since the days of Noah. I doubt whether his ark contained a more heterogeneous collection of animals than issued from a scalera with fifty oars, which had just landed the old Marquis of M. and his son Don José, attended by a swarm of musicians, poets, bull-fighters, grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both sexes, fantastically dressed.

"The whole party, it seems, were returned from a pilgrimage to some saint's nest or other on the opposite shore of the Tagus. First jumped out a hump-backed dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trumpet three or four inches long; then a pair of led captains, apparently commanded by a strange, old, swaggering fellow in a showy uniform, who, I was told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-general in some sort of an Island. Had it been Barataria, Sancho would soon have sent him about his business, for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon, a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer seldom existed.

"Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk, as tall as Sampson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant; next came a very slim and fallow-faced apothecary, in deep sables, completely answering in gait and costume the figure one fancies to one's self of Senhor Apuntador, in Gil Blas, followed by a half-crazed improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed under the balustrades against which we were leaning.

"He was hardly out of hearing before a con-

fused rabble of watermen and servants with bird-cages, lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers, came gamboling along to the great delight of a bevy of children; who, to look more like the inhabitants of Heaven than even Nature designed, had light fluttering wings attached to their rose-coloured shoulders. Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely beautiful, and had their hair most coquettishly arranged in ringlets. * * *

"As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable, of the principle scalera, and three or four other barges in its train, had been deposited in their respective holes, corners, and roosting-places, I received an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain, than fifty servants were in waiting, and exclusive of half-a-dozen wax-torches, which were borne in state before us, above a hundred tapers of different sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, intermingled with silver braziers and cassioles diffusing a very pleasant perfume."

We have not room for other scenes in full, but must give a portrait of the Grand Inquisitor:—

"We went by appointment to the archbishop confessor's, and were immediately admitted into his *sanctum sanctorum*, a snug apartment communicating by a winding staircase with that of the queen, and hung with bright, lively tapestry. A lay-brother, fat, round, buffoonical, and to the full as coarse and vulgar as any carter or muleteer in christendom, entertained us with some very amusing, though not the most decent, palace stories, till his patron came forth.

"Those who expect to see the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal, a doleful, meagre figure, with eyes of reproof and malediction, would be disappointed. A pleasanter or more honest countenance than that kind heaven has blessed him with, one has seldom the comfort of looking upon. He received me in the most open, cordial manner, and I have reason to think I am in mighty favour.

"We talked about archbishops in England being married. 'Pray,' said the prelate, 'are not your archbishops strange fellows? consecrated in ale-houses, and good bottle companions? I have been told that mad-cap Lord Tyravley was an archbishop at home.' You may imagine how much I laughed at this inconceivable nonsense; and though I cannot say, speaking of his right reverence, that 'truths divine came mended from his tongue,' it may be allowed, that nonsense itself became more conspicuously nonsensical, flowing from so revered a source. * * *

"I rose up to take leave of him.

"'No, no,' said he, 'don't think of quitting me yet awhile. Let us repair to the hall of Swans, where all the court are waiting for me, and pray tell me then what you think of our great *fidalgos*.'

"Taking me by the tip of the fingers he led me along through a number of shady rooms and dark passages to a private door, which opened from the queen's presence-chamber, into a vast saloon, crowded, I really believe, by half the dignitaries of the kingdom; here were bishops, heads of orders, secretaries of state, generals, lords of the bedchamber, and courtiers of all denominations, as fine and as conspicuous as embroidered uniforms, stars, crosses, and gold keys could make them.

"The astonishment of this group at our sudden apparition was truly laughable, and indeed, no wonder; we must have appeared on the point of beginning a minuet—the portly archbishop in his monastic, flowing white drapery, spreading himself out like a turkey in full pride, and myself bowing and advancing in a sort of *pas-grave*, blinking all the while like an owl in sunshine,

thanks to my rapid transition from darkness to the most glaring daylight.

"Down went half the party upon their knees, some with petitions and some with memorials; those begging for places and promotions, and these for benedictions, of which my revered conductor was by no means prodigal. He seemed to treat all these eager demonstrations of fawning servility with the most contemptuous composure, and pushing through the crowd which divided respectfully to give us passage, beckoned the viscount Ponte de Lima, the marquis of Lavradio, the count d'Obidos, and two or three of the lords in waiting, into a mean little room, not above twenty by fourteen.

"After a deal of adulatory complimentation in a most subdued tone from the circle of courtiers, for which they had got nothing in return but rebuffs and grunting, the Archbishop drew his chair close to mine, and said with a very distinct and audible pronunciation, 'My dear Englishman, these are all a parcel of flattering scoundrels, do not believe one word they say to you. Though they glitter like gold, mud is not meaner—I know them well. Here,' continued he, holding up the flap of my coat, 'is a proof of English prudence, this little button to secure the pocket is a precious contrivance, especially in grand company, do not leave it off, do not adopt any of our fashions, or you will repent it.'"

"Giving his garments a hearty shake, he trudged off, bawling out to me over his shoulder, 'I shall be back in half-an-hour, and you must dine with me.'—'Dine with him!' exclaimed the company in chorus: 'such an honour never befell any one of us; how fortunate! how distinguished you are!'

"We knocked at the private door, which was immediately opened, and following the same passages through which I had been before conducted, emerged into an ante-chamber, looking into a very neat little kitchen, where the lay-brother, with his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, was making hospitable preparation. A table with three covers was prepared in the tapestry-room, and upon a sofa, in the corner of it, sat the omnipotent prelate wrapped up in an old snuff-coloured great coat, sadly patched and tattered.

"Come," said he, clapping his hands after the oriental fashion, 'serve up and let us be merry—oh, these women, these women, above stairs, what a plague it is to settle their differences! Who knows better than you, Marquis, what enigmas they are to be unriddle? I dare say the Englishman's archbishops have not half such puzzles to get over as I have: well, let us see what we have got for you.'

"Entered the lay-brother with three roasting-pigs, on a huge tray of massive silver, and an enormous pillau, as admirable in quality as in size; and so it had need to have been, for in these two dishes consisted our whole dinner. I am told the fare at the Archbishop's table never varies, and roasting-pigs succeed roasting-pigs, and pillaus pillaus, throughout all the vicissitudes of the seasons, except on certain peculiar fast days of supreme meagre.

"The simplicity of this part of our entertainment was made up by the profusion and splendour of our dessert, which exceeded in variety of fruits and sweetmeats any one of which I had ever partaken. As to the wines, they were admirable, the tribute of every part of the Portuguese dominions offered up at this holy shrine. The Port Company, who are just soliciting the renewal of their charter, had contributed the choicest produce of their happiest vintages, and as I happened to commend its peculiar excellence, my hospitable entertainer, whose good-humour seemed to acquire every instant a livelier glow, insisted upon my accepting several pipes of it, which were punctually sent me the next morning. The Archbishop became quite

jovial, and supposing I was not more insensible to the joys of convivial potations than many of my countrymen, plied me as often and as waggishly as if I had been one of his imaginary archbishops, or Lord Tyrawley himself, returned from those cold precincts where no dinners are given or bottle circulated.

"The lay-brother was such a fountain of anecdote, the Archbishop in such glee, and Marialva in such jubilation at being admitted to this confidential party, that it is impossible to say how long it would have lasted, had not the hour of her Majesty's evening excursion approached, and the Archbishop been called to accompany her."

A miniature of the Duke d'Alafoins:—

"I was walking in a long arched bower of citron-trees, when M— appeared at the end of the avenue, accompanied by the duke d'Alafoins. This is the identical personage well-known in every part of Europe by the appellation of Duke of Braganza. He has no right, however, to wear that illustrious title, which is merged in the crown. Were he called Duchess Dowager, of anything you please, I think nobody would dispute the propriety of his style, he being so like an old lady of the bed-chamber, so fiddle-faddle and so coquettish. He had put on rouge and patches, and though he has seen seventy winters, contrived to turn on his heel and glide about with juvenile agility."

Here we must conclude. Our extracts, with the exception of those relating to Venice, have been taken almost at random, so rich is the work in scenes of beauty and of life.

Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies, now first collected, and a new edition of the Diary of an Ennuyé. By Mrs. Jameson. London: Saunders & Otley.

These graceful and delightful volumes, a luxury, in the best sense of the word, to be appreciated by the refined, the intellectual, and the imaginative alone, have a two-fold claim to be noticed as among the signs of the literary age we are living in. They afford a vivid instance of the strength and reach of the female talent of the present day—they are full of woman's keenness of observation, of her enthusiastic warmth of feeling, of the rich elegance of her imagination; but they betray little or no deficiency of the strength upon the presumed exclusive possession of which, man has been so long used to crest himself; and, we regard them with peculiar interest as illustrative of the more generous and poetical style of criticism which is now extended to art, than was thought needful by our forefathers. Too much of that spirit is yet abroad upon the earth, by which the labours of the painter, sculptor, and musician, were regarded as toys to be played with awhile and then despidely cast aside, rather than as gifts for the improvement of the nobler part of man: but a brighter day is beginning to dawn; and we rejoice to believe that the arts will soon be received among us, with the trust and the reverence which are due to them, as manifestations of divine truth under the poetical form of beauty.

There has been such an extraordinary issue of new and valuable works within the last fortnight, that we find it impossible this week to illustrate what we have said by extract—but we could not delay announcing the publication, and heartily recommending the work to the public.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Sketches of Natural History*, by Mary Howitt.—No one of our female writers understands better than Mary Howitt how to win the attention of children. This little volume is admirably suited to their taste, and therefore pleasant to all who have a healthy appetite; for what popular child's book is not delightful? But an extract or two will give a better idea of the work than a whole column of commendation: here then is

The Monkey.

Monkey, pretty little fellow!
Thou art nature's punchinello!
Full of fun as Puck could be;
Harlequin might learn of thee!
Look now at his odd grimaces!
Saw you e'er such comic faces?
Now like learned judge, sedate;
Now with nonsense in his pate!
Nature, in a sunny wood,
Must have been in merry mood,
And with laughter fit to burst,
Monkey, when she made thee first.
How you leaped and frisked about;
When your life you first found out;
How you threw, in roguish mirth,
Cocoa nuts on mother earth;
How you ate and made a din
Louder than had ever been,
Till the Parrots, all a-riot,
Chattered too to keep you quiet;
Little, merry Monkey, tell
Was there kept no chronicle?
And have you no legends old,
Wherein this, and more is told?
How the world's first children ran
Laughing from the monkey-man,
Little Abel and his brother,
Laughing, shouting to their mother?
And could you keep down your mirth,
When the floods were on the earth;
When from all your drowning kin,
Good old Noah took you in?
In the very Ark, no doubt,
You went frolicking about;
Never keeping in your mind,
Drowned monkeys left behind!
No, we cannot hear of this;
Gone are all the witnesses;
But I'm very sure that you
Made both mirth and mischief too!
Have ye no traditions,—none,
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?
Were ye given, or were ye sold
With the peacocks and the gold?
Is it all forgotten quite,
'Cause ye neither read nor write?
Look now at him! Slyly peep,
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.
Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite—
There! that's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore!
Ha! he is not half asleep!
See, he slyly takes a peep!
Monkey, though your eyes were shut
You could see this little nut.
You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another? and another?
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack,—
Sit down, and begin to crack.
There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as fast he can!
Now good bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest punchinello!

And, by way of variety, we shall give

The Broom Flower.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.
I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.
I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silk-n fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.
But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest,—but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the broom,
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron.

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me
That groweth on the common.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it!

'*The Bard, a Selection of Poetry.*'—“Of the making of books there is no end,” says the wise man—so say we of the cutting of them open, when we light upon a collection like the present, in which are printed Pope's *Messiah*, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, and Collins's *Ode on the Passions*! We wish, however, that this book-maker could establish as good a title to other poems in this collection.

'*Mundell's Philosophy of Legislation.*'—A very able work, but unfortunately too much mixed up with questions, which now occupy the attention of the legislature, to be examined as it merits in a journal from which politics are excluded.

'*Symons on Volition and Agency.*'—These few pages will afford “relaxation to minds afflicted with metaphysics,” as the author expresses it, but, from the pleasing form in which the speculations are detailed, they may aggravate the disease.

'*Brenton's Education, Impressment, and Mendicity.*'—Captain Brenton's pamphlet contains many useful hints; his plan for educating sailors to supply the Royal Navy, is particularly valuable.

'*Rhind's Catechism of Botany.*'—These Scotch Catechisms are superior to the London Alphabets, and this is not one of the worst of them. The author means well, and would have done well, if he had learned botany before he undertook to teach it.

'*Baxter's British Flowering Plants.*' No. 22—'*Saverby's small edition of English Botany.*' No. 42—'*London's Encyclopedia of Gardening.*' Part 5.—These works are all proceeding steadily and well.

'*Drury's Thucydides.*'—This volume, containing the first book of Thucydides, is designed for the use of the students in Dublin University. It has been edited with very creditable care and skill—the notes have been selected from the best commentators, the chronology arranged according to Clinton and Dodwell, and the text is more correct than Bekker's. The editor has been under great obligations to Dr. Arnold, and he scarcely does him justice, by a general acknowledgment: it should have been distinctly stated, that most, if not all, of the marginal directions, have been taken from the Doctor's edition.

'*Cookesley's Plutus of Aristophanes.*'—The editor has given a good text and well-selected notes; we think that he has been a little too fastidious in his “expurgations,” but the fault is on the right side. Of what earthly use is the mass of Scholia, appended to a play for the use of junior students? The Scholia ought in all such works, to be translated and incorporated with the notes.

'*Tiark's German Exercises.*'—The selection and arrangement is excellent.

'*Guy's Eton Latin Grammar.*'—The editor has added little to the old Eton Grammar, and that little is of very inferior quality.

'*Shatford's English Grammar.*'—There is a good classification of subjects in this little book, but the language might with advantage be simplified.

'*Méthode facile pour apprendre la Langue Angloise aux Français.*'—There is no doubt that the method recommended by M. de Porquet is the best that can be adopted for learning any language, but there is no novelty in it, and the author injures himself and his book, by claiming the invention of a plan at least as old as the days of Cicero.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

First Performance, Tuesday, June 24.

THERE are few hours of greater enjoyment in life, than those immediately succeeding any great pleasure—before excitement has quite subsided, and exhaustion succeeded. To us there is nothing more delightful than *thinking over* music after we have heard it: the strain upon our attention is then relaxed—we have ceased to be nervous lest our pleasure should be interrupted by accident or failure,—and our memory busies herself in recalling all the captivating melodies, all the dramatic effects of sound, which we had hardly time fully to enjoy at the moment—kindly passing over those periods of weariness, those short-comings in execution, which must occur in the best of musical performances. But such hours of reverie, all fascinating as they are, are not those wherein a fair and dispassionate account of any exhibition of art can be given. We have, therefore, deferred writing our notice of the two first of the Abbey Oratorios to the last moment, that it may be as little coloured by individual feeling, and contain as much of sober judgment as possible.

The scheme of Tuesday morning's performances was as follows:

Part I.—Coronation Anthem. The Creation, Part 1.

Part II.—The Creation, Parts 2 and 3.

Part III.—Overture to Samson. A selection from the same Oratorio, with the Dead March in Saul introduced.

It will be remembered that the Coronation Anthem was the opening piece of music at the Commemoration, and Dr. Barney regrets that in place of it some composition was not given in which the entire strength of band and chorus might be heard at once. In this we do not sympathize with him. There is a gradual *crescendo* in the symphony to this anthem, which works us up to a much higher point of enthusiasm than we could be startled into by any sudden burst of sound. We are reminded by it of the gathering of countless multitudes, of the swelling of mighty waters; and the first unanimous shout of the chorus, though it does not come unexpected, seems to give vent to the pent-up feeling within us, which a few moments more of protraction would have excited almost to pain. We have been always powerfully affected by this opening symphony—particularly since it has been associated in our minds with one of the Opium-eater's magnificent visions; and, to our thinking, it worthily began the performances of the day. It is remarkable, that Handel has used precisely the same musical phrase as gives it its progressive elevation, to express, in *The Messiah*, the more gentle gathering of the heavenly host when they appeared to “shepherds abiding in the field.” Furthermore, we have only to say that it went perfectly, the band and chorus giving an effect of fullness of sound, without exaggeration, which we have never heard reached on any former occasion.

The Coronation Anthem was succeeded by *The Creation*, performed entire—if we mistake not, for the first time in London; at all events, for the first time under such favourable circumstances as the present. It is unjust to mutilate these sublime works (though it may be expedient

to shorten those, any part of which the improvement of our taste makes us find antiquated or tedious); and it is impossible to judge of them rightly, till we have heard them often, and performed on a grand scale. To us the charm of *The Creation* increases on every subsequent hearing. Its beautiful unity and completeness as a composition, the exquisite appropriateness and freshness of its descriptive music, and the tone of cheerful thanksgiving which pervades it, cannot be fully relished till they have become familiar to us; and we like it all the more for its standing as distinct from one of Handel's great works, as a landscape of Poussin's does from one of Michael Angelo's grand paintings. Haydn had heard and studied the works of his predecessor—but borrowed little from them; in fact, the two can hardly be compared as composers of sacred music; and thus it was, we think, that when *The Creation* was first performed in England, it was by the many ranked far below *The Messiah*. There is a passage to this effect in one of Miss Seward's letters. The many always find it difficult to comprehend how they might have more than one favourite at a time; it may be, too, that the music was imperfectly rendered by the orchestras of those days.

There is certainly nothing, in descriptive music, finer than its entire opening scene, beginning with Chaos, and ending with the chorus, “A new created world;” and as far as the general effect went, we cannot wish anything better than its performance on Tuesday. The contrasts between the brooding solemnity of the music to the words, “And the spirit of God moved along the face of the waters,” and the astounding burst of, “And there was light,”—and between the rage of the spirits of Hell and the unfolding beauty of a new world, were perfectly given by the chorus—we have heard them often before, but never so well done. We must, however, say, that the solos by Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Vaughan, we have heard far surpassed. The former, indeed, had a claim on our forbearance, as being the only vocalist amongst us, who had appeared at the Commemoration—and we include the latter in our charity. But why did Miss Stephens so unkindly remind us that Time spares nothing lovely, by choosing “The marvellous work,” as her song, and, in the third act, “Let the bright seraphim?” She has yet enough of voice left, to have touched us as she did of old, in music of a less ambitious order than these two bravuras: as it was, we could only remember what was gone—and it is not wise to awaken such remembrances on occasions like the present. We cannot pass the chorus to “The marvellous work,” without praise. Mr. Phillips was as happy as usual in the bass air, “Rolling in foaming billows;” if he would not *push* his voice in particular notes, from a mistaken idea of giving point to his singing, he would leave us very little to wish. Madame Caradori gave “With verdure clad,” exquisitely, and had the good taste to sacrifice a cadence which, at the rehearsal, had struck us as too operatic—so also did Mr. Braham in his recitative which followed. He was (putting physical power out of the question) singing his *best*, and we need not tell his admirers, how much genius and legitimate expression that word implies. What shall we say of the chorus that follows, “The heavens are telling,” with its sublime and exciting conclusion? We can give it every possible praise—not, however, including the solos—Miss Clara Novello was unfortunate in her companions all that morning, and it is hardly doing justice to so young an artist to place her thus unfavourably.

Part II. opens with the celebrated bird song, it was given to one whose voice is nearer a bird's than any we know—Madame Stockhausen. Then we have that charming trio and chorus, “Most beautiful appear,” in which Mrs. Bishop, Mr. F. Robinson, from Dublin, and Mr. Phillips, took part.

We were delighted with Mrs. Bishop: her powers seemed to rise with the occasion, and it was no small trial to her to have had given to her such a companion as the strange tenor singer. Her intonation was perfect, and her style energetic and elevated. The antiphony of voices and chorus in this scene is delightful, and the *crescendos* towards its close most exciting. Mr. E. Seguin was heard to great advantage in 'Now Heaven in fullest glory shone,' and its introductory recitative: he has a glorious voice, which, when fully mastered, will place him at the head of our bass singers. Mr. Supio sang 'In native worth,' in too sentimental a fashion for our liking: perhaps the song is the weakest in the entire oratorio. The two choruses, 'Achieved is the glorious work,' did not shame their predecessors.

In the trio which intervened, we had another Mr. Robinson for bass, who would not, or could not, sing in time; and the consequence was, that it just went, and no more. These things should not be at a jubilee meeting.

Part 3 of The Creation, with its introductory symphony, wherein, if music has any language, the bright and dewy sunshine of day's earliest hours is so exquisitely portrayed, was opened by Mr. Hobbs in a manner which made us wish he had been given more of the tenor parts to sing. Then came that long scene of duetto with chorus, 'By thee with bliss,' and 'Of stars the fairest,' in which Mrs. Bishop again distinguished herself, and delighted us. Mr. E. Taylor took the bass part, and was nearly inaudible. But the most beautiful thing, perhaps, of the whole morning, was the effect of the suppressed chorus, 'For ever blessed be his power.' This is not to be described in words: for fullness and dignity, it stands alone among our musical recollections. After this scene follows the duet, 'Gracious consort,' in which we had the first opportunity—and it is always a pleasure—of hearing Mrs. W. Knyvett; and, lastly, the final chorus, 'Praise the Lord, ye voices all!' which concluded The Creation, as it had begun, excellently well. One thing, however, we must remark, that we have seen many alterations of the originally foolish words to this oratorio (which are a re-translation of a translation into German of part of 'Paradise Lost'), but none so gratuitously bad as the version here presented to us.

After this came the selection from Samson. The overture was imposing: when Handel's instrumental music is performed by such a large band as the present, it has a certain antique dignity, in admiring which we can, for the moment, forget the more complex works of modern composers. Mr. Braham's 'Total Eclipse' was sung as no one else (we believe) could sing it: we felt the hopeless sorrow of blindness with every word he uttered. Miss Turner appeared creditably in two fragments of recitative. Mr. Phillips's 'Honour and arms' was given in his usual bold style, with an exuberance of the *forzando* which we have mentioned a while since, and Miss Stephens's song we pass without further comment, to come to the Dead March. No one who heard this on Tuesday will ever forget the mournful and full grandeur of the wind instruments, broken by the absolutely appalling notes of the drum, and the mellow burst of music—sad, but with the sadness of hope—with which it concludes, when we may suppose the dust of the hero to have arrived at its last glorious resting-place;—no one could be otherwise than deeply moved by it, and the breathless silence of the audience during its performance was the best testimony to its impressiveness that could be given.

We need only enumerate the grand barbaric chorus, 'Awake the trumpet's lofty sound,' the other version of 'Let there be light' in 'O first created beam,' the double chorus of the Israelites and Priests of Dagon, 'Fixed in his everlasting seat,' and the final one, 'Let their cele-

tial concerts all unite,' to give their execution unqualified praise, and to express our opinion, that this feature of the performances was the grand attraction of the morning, and fully worthy of the importance of the occasion.

We cannot conclude our notice without expressing our wonder at what we have heard, namely, that with every facility of accommodation offered on the occasion, the rush of company should be so great as to cause the doors to be opened half an hour before the time appointed. When we say that the Abbey might have been quietly and impartially filled, had the company assembled at eleven instead of half past nine, it is enough; but there is a sort of traditional love of a squeeze about John Bull and his lady, which we fear it will take another fifty years to laugh or reason away.

Second Performance.

On Thursday was performed a selection of sacred music, consisting of Handel's Coronation Anthem, 'The King shall rejoice in thy strength,' the 'Gloria in excelsis,' from Beethoven's Mass in C, with English words, the 'Kyrie,' the 'Qui tollis,' and the concluding fugue of the 'Credo,' from Haydn's second Mass, the 'Credo' and 'Agnus Dei,' from Mozart's first Mass, with some other single songs. To avoid useless repetition we will once again express our entire satisfaction with the chorus and band throughout, and we listened to them with keen attention, for we remember the days when the performance of the grand chorus by Beethoven would have been a perilous undertaking: it went on Thursday with unhesitating firmness, and brought us a step nearer the time (which, we fully believe, will come,) when the works of this wonderful writer will be as well known and as fully felt among us, as those of Handel himself. The solos were sung by Miss Clara Novello, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. E. Taylor. It was impossible to avoid comparing this composition with Haydn's mass-music, which followed soon after, and his light gaudy 'Kyrie' could not produce any effect upon us, though brilliant in itself, and well performed by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Signors Rubini and Zuchelli. The 'Qui tollis,' which follows, is somewhat more grave and appropriate—it was beautifully sung by Zuchelli, and as beautifully accompanied by Lindley, but we prefer Beethoven's movement on the same subject, despoiled as it was here of its original words. Mozart occupied an intermediate station between the two writers—he has neither the fresh, lively cheerfulness, which is manifest in all Haydn's sacred music (always excepting the 'Passione'), nor the imaginative conceptions of Beethoven, but he is, as some one has emphatically called him, "the heart's own composer," and the 'Agnus Dei,' sung by Madame Stockhausen, has a tenderness—what if we say a *religance*—of character, which never fails to affect us. The quartet, 'Et incarnatus,' was oddly made up of this lady, Signor Rubini, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. J. B. Sale,—it was fair to neither party to bring together two pairs of singers of such unequal powers.

We have purposely passed by sundry single songs, that we might bring all this Catholic music under one view. Signor Rubini sang a charming air by Mozart, from 'Davide Penitente,' which was good as far as we could hear it; but his *pianos* are often to be taken on trust, and on this occasion, we are sure with the laudable intention of suiting his style to the place wherein he was singing, he chose to be more than usually delicate. Miss Stephens delighted us once more with 'Angels ever bright and fair,'—it is still her own. Alas! that she sung that *ne plus ultra* of a recitative, 'Sing ye unto the Lord,' from Israel in Egypt—that piece of triumphant declamation, for which Malibran's unimpaired powers

were not too much, and in which that inspired creature must for the moment have, not fancied herself, but *been actually* "Miriam the prophetess," as she has left in those few words an impression upon our minds, which no one else will ever be able to efface or exceed. Mr. Phillips is fond of that dull song, 'The Snares of Death,' by the late Sir John Stevenson, but to us it is cold, and wants character. Miss Betts made her first appearance here in a song from Joshua, 'O who can tell,' with violin and violoncello accompaniments *obligati* in the old Corelli style, and did her utmost as far as her knowledge goes. But we could not avoid thinking while we heard her, and afterwards, when we listened to the charming voices of Miss Romer and Miss Wood-yatt, how little the natural musical gifts which our countrywomen possess, are allowed fair play. They are brought forward into the orchestra or upon the stage with beautiful voices a quarter cultivated, and if thus incomplete in the mechanism of their art, what hope is there that their perceptions of its *mind* can ever have been even so much as awakened? More of this at a future time.

Signora Grisi sang a 'Quoniam,' by Haydn, as well as it could be sung—but to our ears it sounded a mere display of unmeaning brilliancy—and we regret that her song was not better chosen, as it was the only one we heard from her. Luther's Hymn was performed with great effect, Braham as usual taking the solo.

And now we come to speak of 'Israel in Egypt,' the performance of which occupied the remainder of the morning, and to which, of all the music of this Festival, we looked forward with the greatest eagerness—never having heard it performed *entire* before. It is, indeed, a work for immortality: setting aside the few songs which are faded and second-rate compared with others by its mighty author—and considering the series of choruses which it contains—our admiration of this oratorio rises to a height which words are insufficient to express, and we can only rightly appreciate its excellence by remembering that it is nearly a hundred years old—written when the resources of the art were scanty and defective compared with what they are now. But poetry of mind, and grandeur of conception are of no age or century, and they are here to be found in an unparalleled manifestation. The opening chorus is profoundly pathetic and melancholy; we hear the children of Israel mourning their bondage, but we see the Almighty arm stretched forth to maintain their cause, and its wondrous doings are told in the music with a grandeur and a triumph such as are only surpassed by the descriptions themselves in holy writ. What, for instance, can—will be ever imagined to surpass the Hailstone Chorus, the chorus of 'Thick Darkness,' which we can never hear without creeping awe—and those describing the passage of the Red Sea? What picture could bring before our eyes "the waters overwhelming the Egyptians" more forcibly than that magnificent acclaim of many voices accompanied, as it were, by the thunder of ocean's cataracts? We see the very scene, we behold the host engulfed, and join with all our hearts in that triumphant strain which follows, 'The Lord is a man of war.' Last of all, and best of all, the concluding scene, 'The Lord shall reign for ever and ever!' with its recitatives, broken again and again by a repetition of that stately strain of thanksgiving, has a dramatic force and a sublimity which are alone in music. We are carried back, as we listen to them, to the old days, when the Highest led his chosen people by the cloud and the fire, and when they cease, feel as if these scenes of the past were our realities, and the things and beings around us the shadows of a comfortless dream!

We have been beguiled out of our wonted sobriety by our remembrances of this Oratorio—and yet, after all, musical criticism should be

something beyond a bald noting of cadences and discords—a dry anatomy of chords and counterpoint—and, to be affected as strongly as we have been, must require excellent performance, as well as a fine composition. We have already said that the strength of this work is choral; so that our report is sufficient, and we close it in happy anticipation of what yet remains for us to hear.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

If we were to judge from the rumours at present flying about, the long agitated question of our being a musical nation or not, must be decided. We have heard the most extravagant accounts of premiums given upon tickets for the remainder of the Abbey oratorios. There is already a report, that, in consequence of their great success, one or two extra performances may be given, and, as if this was not enough, some of our readers will be surprised to hear that another Festival is in contemplation, to be held in London before the close of the season.

We hear, on something like authority, that the various amateur musical societies of the metropolis are getting up a meeting upon as large a scale as the one in the Abbey. The performers, with the exception of a general conductor, and, we presume, solo singers, are to be amateurs. It is expected to take place in Exeter Hall, and the proceeds are to be given to a charity. The committee have called a general meeting which is to be held at the Crown and Anchor, on Monday evening, at half past seven, for the purpose of completing the general arrangements.

So be it; and we rejoice to see, that our amateurs are conscious of sufficient strength to enable them to challenge all the professional talent in London. But as a close comparison between the two meetings must be made, we warn them to do nothing rashly—and to produce nothing, of the perfection of which they are not more than certain. Let them remember that they can have but only half the confidence of those who have been for many years in the habit of appearing before the public, and that a double strictness of rehearsal will therefore be necessary to them. Many eyes will be upon them—many tongues loosed against them, and as we wish well to everything that concerns the prosperity and diffusion of music amongst us, we hope that they will deserve, and enjoy success.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 6.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.—A section of the strata of the coal formation in the Forest of Dean, was presented by Mr. Francis Wishaw.

Mr. Sims gave an account of the mural circle, just completed for the Observatory of Edinburgh, and treated on the advancement of the art of graduating instruments generally. After describing the earlier methods pursued in dividing, Mr. Sims stated, that about the middle of the last century Mr. Hindley, a clockmaker of York, introduced several important improvements, and laid the foundation for that degree of perfection which has since that period been given to the dividing engine; he gave motion to the plate by a tangent screw, invented a frame for carrying a point, in place of using a knife against the fiducial edge of a ruler, and also introduced the elliptical cutting point. The Duc de Chaulnes was the first who made use of double microscope micrometers in operations of this nature. Ramsden's engine, for which he was rewarded by the Board of Longitude, appeared in the year 1775. He adopted Hindley's inventions of the endless screw, the cutting frame, and elliptical point; his machine, however, abounds in beautiful and ingenious contrivances.

Many engines of great excellence have since been constructed by various English artists, among whom Dollond, John Troughton, Stancliffe, and Edward Troughton, stand the most conspicuous. The celebrated Reichenbach also constructed a large and excellent engine, and introduced the great improvement of dividing the instruments on their own centres. Gambay, of Paris, followed Reichenbach, and adopted his improvements; he, however, introduced a novelty by employing a steam-engine to move every part of the apparatus. The mural circle for Edinburgh differs in no important respect from those erected at the Royal Observatory; the diameter is six feet, the length of the axis four feet, and the focal length of the telescope equal to the diameter of the circle: the divisions are cut upon a band of gold, inlaid at the circumference, and the degrees engraved upon a band of palladium slightly alloyed with silver to give it some degree of ductility; each space upon the circle is equal to five minutes angular measure: six microscopic micrometers, with every requisite adjustment, are attached to the face of the pier, one division of the micrometer scale being equal to a single second. Four clamps and tangent screws are so arranged round the instrument, that one of them is always at a convenient distance from the observer.

Models of a mural and transit circle were exhibited. Mr. Sims proceeded to describe in detail the method pursued in dividing this instrument, which is summarily as follows:—

1st, Generating 256 nearly equidistant points round the circumference of the circle.

2dly, By continual bisection of which that number admits to ascertain the quantity, in terms of a micrometer, by which every point is in error with respect to a point assumed as the zero.

3dly, From the table of errors so constructed, and a magnified scale of equal parts, to cut the final divisions.

May 13.—The President in the chair.—A paper, 'On Wheels,' was presented by James Walker, Esq., V.P., and a paper, 'On Steam-Boats,' by Mr. Grahame. A model of Harris's Road-scraper, with an explanatory paper, were laid before the meeting.

Some further particulars as to the dimensions of the new steam-vessel, now plying on the river Hudson, were communicated.

In giving some account of different contrivances for lock and flood-gates, made use of in Holland and the low countries, Mr. Cubitt remarked, that the operations of opening and shutting sluices, and other large gates, which are usually performed in this country by means of wheel and pinion-gearing, capstans, &c., the Dutch, who are extremely skilful hydraulic engineers, effect by various ingenious adaptations of paddles and culverts, employing the natural pressure of water to do the work of machinery.

Some account was also given of the great sea-lock and sluicing apparatus at Lowestoffe, constructed under the direction of Mr. Cubitt, which are likewise opened and closed by the pressure of the water. This apparatus has now been in active operation for three or four years, and is found completely to answer the purpose for which it was intended, viz. that of a regulating lock, but principally for suddenly discharging a large body of water, and scouring away the quantities of sand and shingle which are liable to accumulate opposite the harbour, and obstruct the navigation.

May 20.—The President in the chair.—The Secretary read a description of a bridge of one arch of 140 fathoms span, invented by John Kalibin, in 1776, proposed to be erected across the Neva at St. Petersburg.

May 27.—The President in the chair.—A paper, 'On the proposed Holborn Viaduct,' together with a drawing, was received from Mr. Francis Wishaw.

Mr. Walker's paper, on the subject of the most advantageous form for wheels of different kinds of carriages, having been read, a member considered that there were some practical objections to the use of horizontal axes, which were not alluded to in Mr. Walker's paper—one, the difficulty of making the wheel perfectly secure from coming off the axle, as a greater strain is unavoidably thrown on the linchpin. The wheels of ordinary country waggons are usually much dished, and the axles slightly inclined downwards, by which arrangement the principal strain is thrown on the shoulder of the axletree, and a very ordinary description of linchpin will answer the purpose. As far as regards friction, and, consequently, an easy draught for the horse, the straight axle and cylindrical wheel have the preference; but, for safety, strength, and durability, he thought the inclined axle and dished wheel superior; besides which, there exists much practical difficulty in constructing carriages with horizontal axes and cylindrical wheels. It was remarked, that one reason for the conical wheel being so much adhered to in practice, was the greater liability of the tire getting loose on the cylindrical wheel by the constant rolling of a heavy weight frequently on a small extent of surface: the tire becomes slightly elongated, and, on a cylindrical wheel, gets loose, and may occasion accidents; the conical provides against this, by its greater elasticity, and the tendency it has to become more flat in the dishing, and in a slight degree to stretch out the periphery. It was stated that, at first, the cylindrical shape was adopted in Jones's patent iron wheels, but it was found that, with upright wheels, the width of track was required to be seven feet, and some of the streets do not admit of such a vehicle passing; also, in crowded thoroughfares, the nave is exposed and liable to come in contact with other carriages.—It was stated, that a wheel of a new construction had lately been attempted, and was likely to become an improvement; the rim and nave are of cast-iron, and the spokes of wrought-iron; a wooden band is put round the cast-iron rim, which again is surrounded and fastened on by a wrought-iron tire, secured in the ordinary manner.—It was mentioned that, in Austria, cylindrical wheels are invariably used for waggons and heavy carriages, but for light vehicles the dished wheel is generally preferred.—A member stated that, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the common stone carts belonging to the Cragleith, and other quarries, are generally made with broad cylindrical wheels.

June 3.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Thomas E. Harrison, Civil Engineer, of Fulwell Grange, Sunderland, was elected a corresponding member.

The conversation on the subject of the best form for wheels of carriages was resumed. An ingenious method was adopted by Messrs. Jones to exhibit the friction occasioned by conical wheels: a carriage was run upon the edges of loose boards, placed side by side; it was shown that, while the board under the middle part of the wheel remained stationary, that at the outside was pushed forward, and the board on the inside backward; such, however, can only occur when the whole breadth of the wheel touches the ground, which is seldom the case, a wheel of nine inches having frequently a bearing of only three inches, in consequence of the middle tire being made of larger diameter.

Mr. Manby produced a specimen of wrought-iron, two inches diameter, used for chain-cable bolts, which had been drawn into a knot while cold, without having suffered any apparent injury. This iron is not merely made from refined metal, bloomed down, but is shingled under the hammer, or rather under squeezers, made in a form similar to shears, which are thought to be equal to the hammers. Mr. Manby stated that, at this

foundry (Hartford & Co., Ebbu Vale), they make 400 tons of iron per week, and that the croppings of such a quantity of bars yields sufficient to make the bolts above alluded to. At Ebbu Vale they use cold-blast furnaces, and charred coal; the hot-blast had been tried, but time had been lost in puddling from it. Mr. Manby, however, stated, that he believed the hot-blast had not been sufficiently attended to. It was mentioned that, at this foundry, they use what are called *dandy furnaces*, and puddle on patent iron bottoms. Hartford's patent had been granted for using charcoal or other powder to cover the iron bottom, and so prevent the metal from adhering. Referring to the specimen on the table, Mr. Manby stated, that the ends of the bar had been merely turned over when hot, forming a hoop, and the ends passed through, so as to enable them to affix bolts; the bar was then allowed to cool, and subsequently drawn into its present form of a knot, by means of a hydraulic press; fifty-two tons pressure was requisite for the purpose, half-an-hour was occupied in the operation, during which time no sensible increase of temperature was observed in the metal.

A paper from Mr. Bidder, 'On the Cast-Iron Wharf lately erected at the East India Docks,' was read.

June 10.—The President in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected corresponding members: Mr. W. A. Brooks, Stockton-on-Tees, Mr. James Stirling, Dundee, Mr. George Haden, Trowbridge.

A special general meeting was held this evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the office and duties of Secretary: on this evening also the session of the Institution terminated.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Royal College of Physicians Nine, P.M.
Th. Zoological Society Three, P.M.
Sat. Royal Asiatic Society Two, P.M.

MISCELLANEA

Sir Gilbert Blane.—This veteran practitioner expired yesterday, in the 85th year of his age. His career has been rather professional than literary, yet as much of the latter as to entitle him to a slight notice from us. He commenced life as a naval surgeon, and was present at the engagement between the English and French fleets in the West Indies, on the 12th of April 1782, of which he wrote an account—we believe his first published work. He rose gradually in his profession, until he attained the rank of physician to the fleet, and was honoured with the acquaintance and friendship of his present Majesty. In 1788 we find him selected to deliver the Croonian Lecture, on muscular motion, before the Royal Society, which lecture was published in 1790. We also find in their Transactions, Vol. 80, an account by him of the Nardus Indica, or spikenard, in which paper he attempted to collect what was known by the ancients respecting this odoriferous herb. His ideas respecting medical education, and certain topics connected with it, he gave to the world in 1819, under the title of 'Medical Logic,' and the work has run through more than one edition.

In 1822 he published 'Select Dissertations on several subjects of Medical Science,' most of which, we believe, had before appeared as separate papers in some of the medical periodicals. For some time he had retired from public life, when we find him once more coming forward in 1831, and addressing his 'Warning to the British Public against the alarming approach of the Indian Cholera.'

These, with some pamphlets on subjects of ephemeral interest, and contributions to Medical periodicals, constitute, we believe, the whole of his literary labours.

[The Boht Mehals.—From a paper in the Asiatic Researches, by G. W. Traill.]—"The Boht Mehals, forming in extent one-third of the Kemaon province, are bounded at the north by the table-land of Tibet, on the south they extend to the base of the Himalaya range, and are irregularly defined, piercing through the barrier of the snowy range at the passes of the five principal rivers, Mana and Niti, on the feeders of the Ganges; Juwar, Darma, and Byanse, on those of the Sarda or Gogra. These limited valleys, or gorges, are the only productive and inhabitable parts of Boht, the rest consisting of snow and barren rock. They are elevated 6000 feet above the sea, while the peaks around them tower to 20 and 25,000 feet. The Bhotias insist that the zone of snow is continually extending, and cutting off passes from one valley to another, which were formerly passable at least for a few days in the year. The only accessible roads now follow the direction of the streams, and owing to avalanches (*hain gal*) and slips (*païra*) require constant toil for their preservation. The Niti is the most practicable pass, but at many points ponies and cattle are forced to be raised or lowered by means of slings passed round their bodies! There are but 59 villages and 1325 houses, and about 10,000 inhabitants in this mountainous district, of whom nine-tenths are Bhotias or Tibetans. For half the year the ground is covered with snow, and an interval of four months without a fall of snow forms an uncommonly favourable summer!

The Golden Age in France.—The *Journal des Artistes* gives the following curious Tariff of the value put upon injuries to the person, by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, in the time of Louis the Tenth. The ordinance was granted at Vincennes in the year 1315.—For a blow with the hand, 12 deniers.—For a blow with a stone, 5 sous.—For taking a person by the throat with one hand, 5 sous, with two hands, 14 sous.—For spitting in a person's face, 5 sous.—For a blow on the nose, without blood, 5 sous if there be blood, 10 sous.—For a kick, 10 sous.—For a sword-thrust, without blood, 10 sous, and if there be blood, 20 sous.—For a wound with blood above the teeth, 36 sous, below them, 52 sous.—For a broken arm or leg, 7 francs 4 sous.—And for each broken tooth, 7 francs 4 sous.—We hear a great deal of the good old times: this is cheap estimation of the value of life and limb one of the advantages of them?

Trigonometrical Survey of the Indies.—[Extract of a letter from Lieut. Macdonald, dated Camp near Chandere.]—"The inhabitants of this country view our operations with suspicion and dread: they cannot comprehend the object of burning lights upon the summits of distant hills, and they can only attribute it to some black art, or *jadu*, by which we wish to take possession of their country."

Speaking for Posterity.—During the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches which are sometimes inflicted upon the House of Representatives in America, as well as on our own House of Commons, a member who had occupied the floor for several hours, was called to order, on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the house. "I know it," said he, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the house, but for posterity."—"Speak a little longer," said John Randolph, in an undertone, "and you will have your audience before you."

Mode of making Gold Leaf.—In the preparation of gold leaf, the metal is first reduced into long thin strips or ribands by means of steel rollers: it is then cut into little pieces, which are beaten on an anvil, and afterwards annealed. * * * Two ounces and two pennyweights of gold are delivered by the master to the workman, who if very skilful, returns 2000 leaves, or eighty books of gold, together with one ounce and six penny-

weights of waste cuttings. Hence the contents of one book weigh 4.8 grains; and as the leaves measure 3.3 inches, the thickness of a leaf is 1-282000th part of an inch.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

Christianity in China.—Public attention has been a good deal excited by an order of the Portuguese Governor of Macao, expelling from that settlement the agents of the Foreign Roman Catholic missions which have for ages been established there, as a medium of communication with the missionaries in the interior. The agent for the celebrated Propaganda Society, a native of Italy, and three French missionaries, have taken refuge in Canton.—*Canton Register*.

Painting on Glass.—A Brussels paper mentions the discovery of a manuscript bearing the date of 1527, which explains the ancient method of extracting colours from metals, minerals, herbs and flowers, for the purpose of painting on glass. It also shows the manner in which these colours are to be applied, and describes the way in which the glass destined to receive the colours is to be prepared. The discovery of this process is of some interest, for after all the modern discoveries in chemistry, there are colours to be found in ancient stained glass, which we cannot approach.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.A.Mou.	Max. Min.	Norm.		
Thur. 19	76 52	29.85	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 20	89 58	Stat.	S.W. to E.	Clear.
Sat. 21	82 58	29.75	S.W.	Clear.
Sun. 22	81 59	Stat.	W. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 23	79 48	30.04	S.W. to E.	Clear.
Tues. 24	73 56	30.15	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 25	75 58	Stat.	S.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Rain on Saturday night and morning, else fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 63.5°. Greatest variation, 41°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.85.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6°.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Campbell has concluded his life of Mrs. Siddons, and the work will forthwith appear.

Dr. Southey's Life of Cowper, uniform with Byron and Scott, in monthly volumes.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G***, T. O. L.—A. J.—M.G.—M.: received.
The account which appeared in this Paper relating to the Ecclesiastical College proposed to be erected by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, appears to have created no little stir in Trinity College; and we have received a reply from those who are of opinion that their feelings and motives, in opposing it, have been misrepresented, which it is urgently pressed on us to publish this week. With the kindest feelings towards our learned brothers, we must observe, that we cannot, at this season of the year, and at a moment's notice, find room for seven enormous folio pages; although, in the abundance of our good will, we will do our best next week, and try how far it is possible, with a few curtailments, to oblige them.

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